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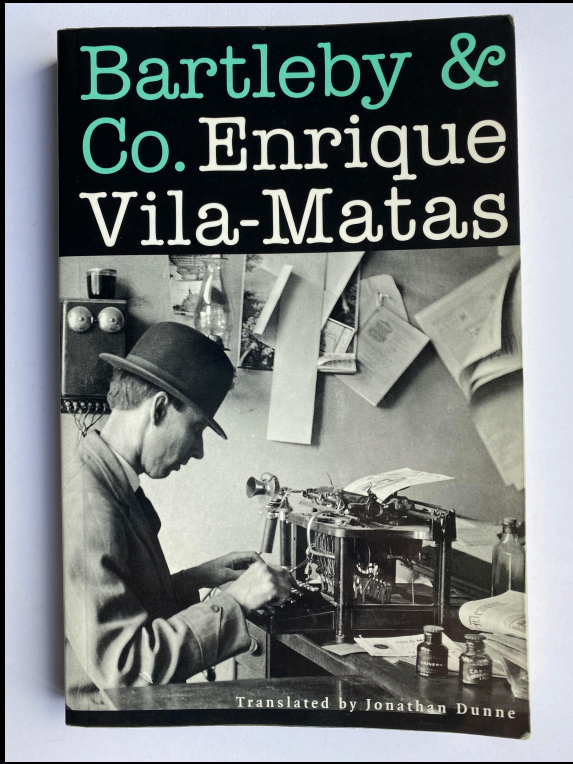
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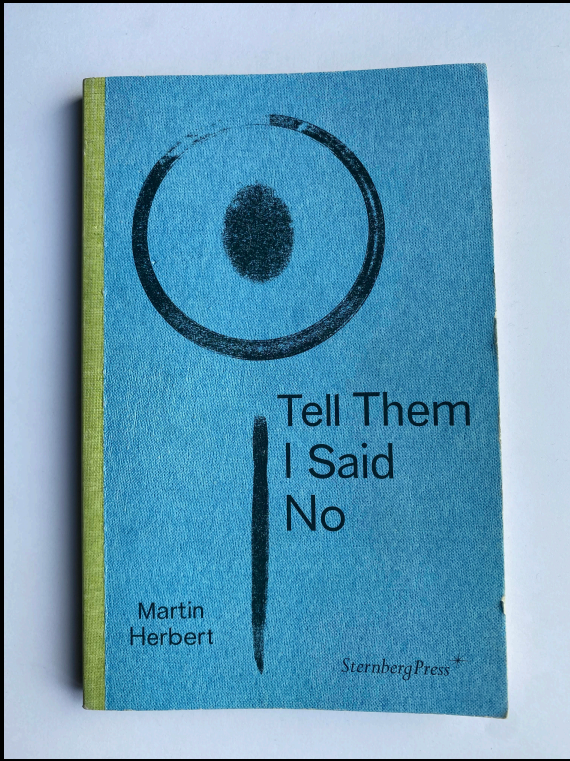
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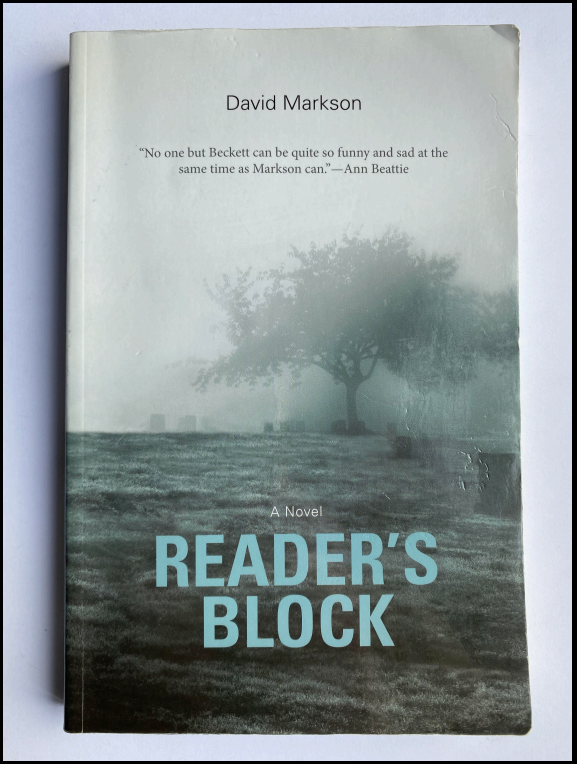
Simon Morris

Anonymity, Un-Originality, Collectivity –
Contested Modes of Authorship

Warwick University, Friday 20.05.2022

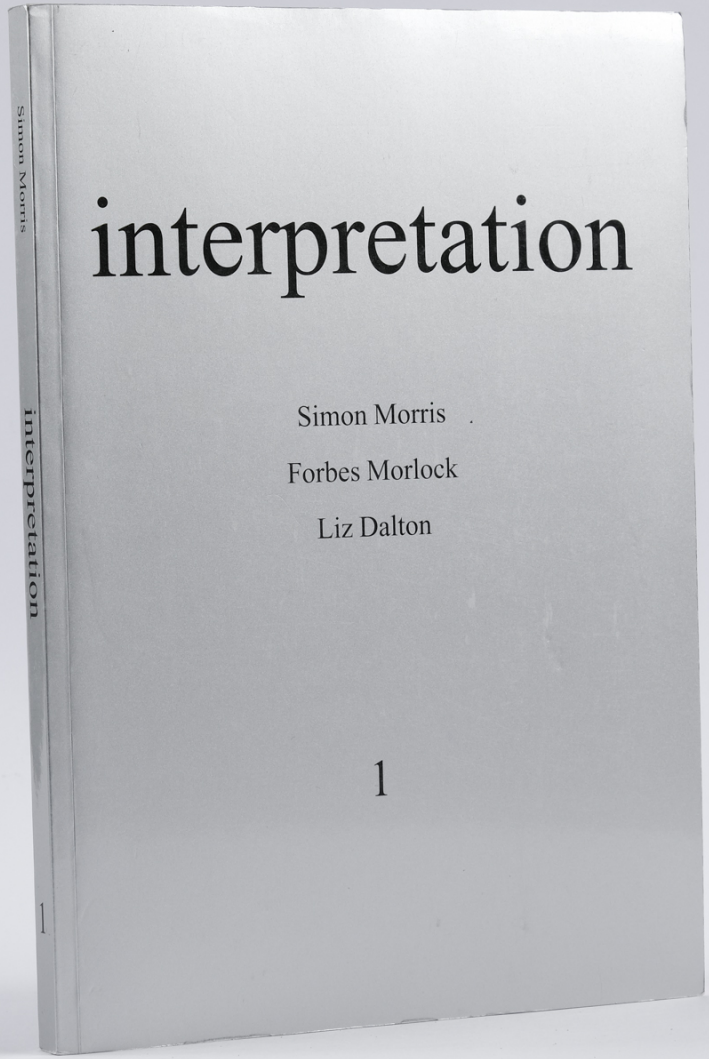

Bartleby & Co.
Enrique Vila-Matas
Translated by Jonathan Dunne


Tell Them I Said No
Martin Herbert
Sternberg Press


David Markson
"No one but Beckett can be quite so funny and sad at the same time as Markson can."—Ann Beattie
A Novel
READER'S BLOCK

iam is an independent imprint, established in 2002 that publishes work by artists and writers who use extant material — selecting it and reframing it to generate new meanings — and who, in doing so, disrupt the existing order of things.




Simon Morris
interpretation
1
interpretation
Simon Morris
Forbes Morlock
Liz Dalton
1

Constructions of Analysis: Freudian Footnotes I

Beyond interpretation, construction.[1]

There is more to the work of the arch-interpreter Sigmund Freud than hermeneutics. As Freud himself characterizes it, the task of the psychoanalyst is construction: within an analysis the analyst constructs—he or she constructs material forgotten by the analysand.[2] Freud the analyst constructs, but among analysts he is also the figure responsible for constructing analysis as such. The man whose centenary we have been celebrating as the modern Joseph is also Solomon. Psychoanalysis is the house that Freud built. Even in his lifetime, that is, while he was still building it, it was the house he had built.[3]

House-building, however, is not Freud's preferred figure for analytic construction. In his late text "Constructions in Analysis," analysis understands itself in the work of the archaeologist. In fact, it always had: the history of the figure of excavation in Freud's writing is itself easily excavated. The deepest layers in which the metaphor of archaeology is found are also those that bear the earliest traces of psychoanalysis.[4] Psychoanalysis was constructed alongside—if not on—the metaphor of the archaeologist's discovery and reconstruction of the

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[1] If, in accounts of analytic technique, so little is said about "constructions," that is because "interpretations" and their effects are spoken of instead. But I think that "construction" [*Konstruktion*] is by far the more appropriate description. "Interpretation" [*Deutung*] applies to something that one does to some single element of the material, such as an association or a parapraxis. But it is a "construction" when one lays before the subject of the analysis a piece of his early history that he has forgotten, in some such way as this: . . . ["Constructions in Analysis" [1937], *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, 24 vols [hereafter by volume number] (London: Hogarth P and the Institute of Psychoanalysis, 1953-1974) 23: 261]

[2] We all know that the person who is being analyzed has to be induced to remember something that has been experienced by him and repressed; and the dynamic determinants of this process are so interesting that the other portion of the work, the task performed by the analyst, has been pushed into the background. The analyst has neither experienced nor repressed any of the material under consideration; his task cannot be to remember anything. What then *is* his task? His task is to make out [*erraten*] what has been forgotten from the traces which it has left behind or, more correctly, to *construct* [konstruieren] it. ["Constructions in Analysis" 23: 258-259]

[3] [Joseph Jastrow,] *The House That Freud Built* [New York: Greenberg, 1932]

[4] Thus it came about that in this, the first full-length analysis of a hysteria undertaken by me, I arrived at a procedure which I later developed into a regular method and employed deliberately. This procedure was one of clearing away the pathogenic psychical material layer by layer, and we liked to compare it with the technique of excavating a buried city [*der Technik der Ausgrabung einer verschütteten Stadt*]. [*Studies on Hysteria* [1893-1895] 2: 139]

1

2

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Inventory or What's Here:

1. There are thirty eight footnotes.

—Simon's envelope arrived in the mail some time ago, in mid-summer. It was labeled Interpretation/Literary Theorists and inside were Forbes' footnotes. I glanced through them and thought "Oh, he wrote about Freud". Since I didn't feel like a literary theorist that day (it's a rare day, practically speaking, when I do), the label made me nervous. I decided to ignore the footnotes, the envelope, and the label for a while.

—But, as happens, push came to shove

—though it took some time.

—Very considerately, Forbes provided the complete quotations in almost all cases. There would be no need to 'guess' the precise words he'd cited from a source. I had a twinge of regret that I was not as considerate.

—thirty eight!

—I read 'The Uncanny' and 'Constructions in Analysis' in their entirety, since these essays are real players in Forbes' piece.

—intended to look through my grad and undergrad notes about Freud

—but they were all *missing*

—like Forbes' essay.

—Uncanny!

—Truth is, though, I was a bad note taker

—a real slacker

—So the notes I hoped to have taken that would be of such help now might never have existed.

—It'd be funny if Forbes was pulling my leg and didn't write anything at all

—or nothing about Freud.

—That would be bad of him.

—But I know better (Simon, I must rat on you here). Time passed and I must have made Simon very nervous because he started dropping hints about Forbes' essay. Simon said that Forbes' essay was in two parts; the body of the text was subjective

ny favorite texts is Freud's "On Mourn
politics of representing grief, and
of refusing to read and interpret texts
ve been aware of this particular kind
very good at it).

Sisters, Daughters, Angels and Dogs: Virtual Relations in *Hard Times*

This paper isn't really going to argue anything that complex. In fact, it even seems kind of funny to take the whole space of a paper to make only one essential point, and a grammatical point at that—I think the pronouns of the next to last paragraph of *Hard Times* refer to Louisa and not to Sissy, and that this means Louisa would be the charity worker of the novel's final pages. So, even if it's a misreading on my part, which I suppose it is since there seems to be a standard grammar agreed upon among critical responses to the novel's ending, I'm going to look at the novel as if it ended with a description not of Sissy's but of Louisa's social role, a role she is able to perform fortified by children, who, via the confusion of pronouns, are virtually hers—"happy Sissy's happy children loving [Louisa]. All children loving [Louisa]."[1] As the women drop into the confused heap of the novel's ending, a strange sort of family struggles to gather itself at the count.

In a novel that is foremost a critique of a society of manufacture, it is not at all clear what Dickens is doing with these women of *Hard Times*. When the women close the book is there an implied accession to power and cultural authority? What would be the quality of an authority that is at the same time scripted as punishment? And does the punishment exacted to close the narrative represent a more general visitation of punishment on an industrial society (of failed fathers and paper husbands) that would allow such an accession, an accession that I'll look at as an ethical/metaphorical installation of the virtual family?

What characterizes the virtual family for Dickens is devotion to another. The women of *Hard Times* learn devotion through the experience of their proper family roles as daughters and sisters, instructed through that hegemony to function within their social placements as workers, wives and mothers without being disabled by the injustices that will inevitably confront them under the diminishment of class and gender. The hegemony of the family is insistently represented as trauma and violation, with all the major characters pinned in the wreckage of some close relation, and with all of the novel's virtual relations motivated by the various kinds of losses sustained there. In virtual terms, such devotion translates as a heightened sympathy reserved especially for those who have taken up positions as virtual family members; the virtual family is strictly regulated, governed by the metaphorizations of sisters, mothers, fathers, brothers, and is not some simple aggregate of social benevolence. The paternalist formula of

[1] Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*, Penguin Classics (New York) 1985, pp. 312-313. All further references to *Hard Times* will appear in the text as page citations.

1

Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*, Penguin Classics (New York) 1985, pp. 312-313. All further erences to *Hard Times* will appear in the text as page citations.

Renouncing Fiction:
Hands, Feet, and Hard Facts

I give up.

Photocopies of pages from a paperback are cut out and mounted on larger sheets. Each sheet is covered in notes, before all thirty-three are piled on top of one another. Each bears, besides notes, the referent supplied to match its reference. Together, they are the References, but their pile stands also as a monument to Reference. Even in writing about Fancy there will be Fact. And these are the Facts. Piled neatly, like the bones of an argument, here they are—the Facts.

They are not my facts or your facts, or indeed the facts of some named but unknown donor—they are just plain facts. Impersonal and indisputable. One popular fiction is that an essay is based in fact, and yet, in this case, Fact is not enough. Facts may be the base of an essay, but they refuse to be the essay itself. The references in themselves and in their order mark the line of a presentation, but they do not make it present. I lean on the pile of facts, figure the collection of completed footnotes as some colossal foot, and, still, the body which that foot would support will not appear complete above it. Even in my dreams, the body of an essay does not construct itself from the bones of an argument.

Now, what I want is, an essay. And in the absence of that essay—an essay as impersonal and indisputable as the facts—I give up. Another popular fiction is that Charles Dickens' *Hard Times* is popular fiction. An unfamiliar text read, researched, read again, and reread without reward. Hard times indeed. Smash the colossal figure of a footnote into still smaller fragments, knock over the monument to Reference, wake yourself from the empiricist's dream. The facts would tell a story, but they are dumb. Tabular statements are literally unspeakable, and I must [illegible] something to say.

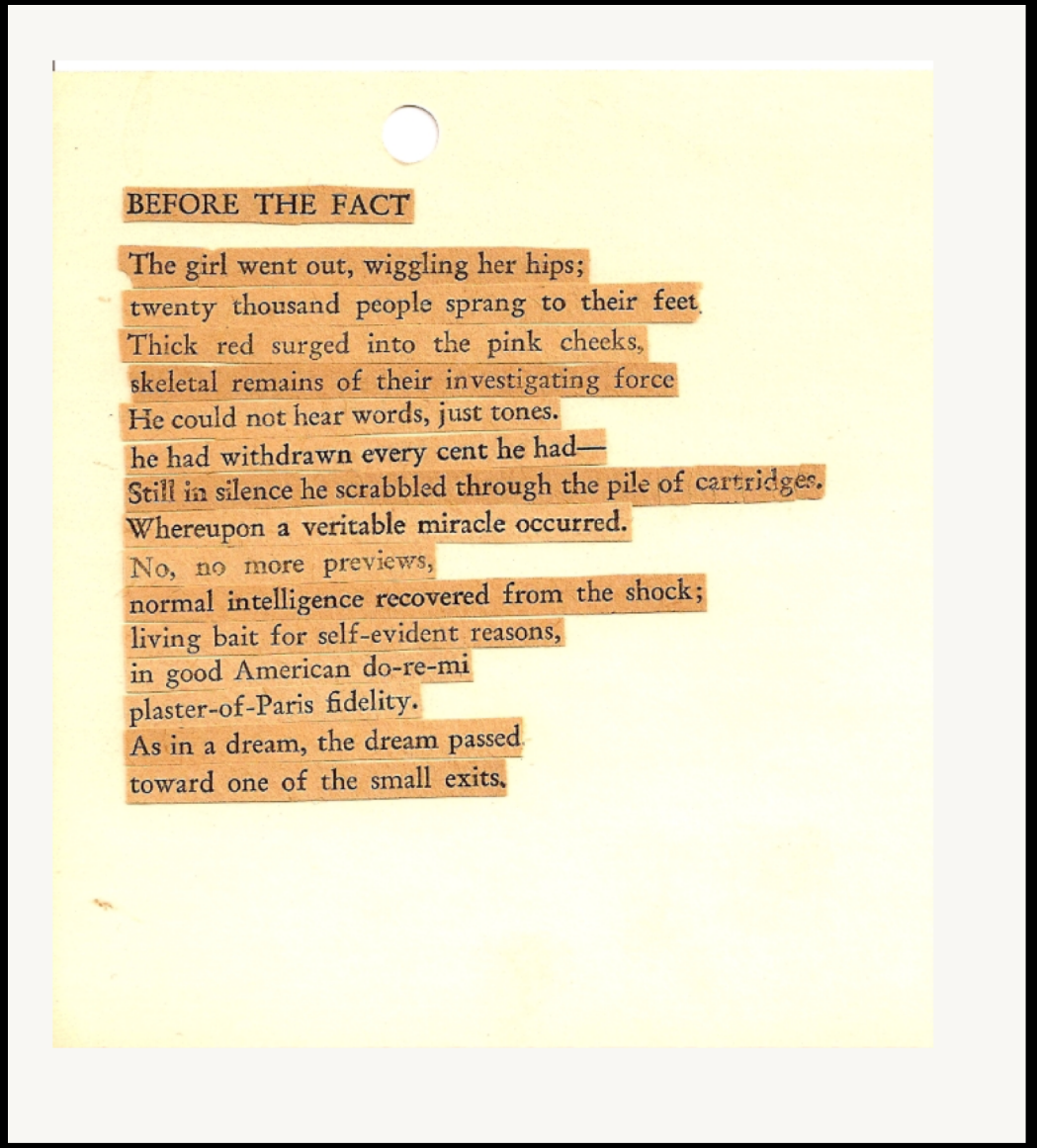
[illegible]ry, make an essay—I must tell a story, a story upon facts, around facts, even [illegible]ut facts, but a story nonetheless. The facts are not so much smashed as separated, scattered. No longer a monolithic colossus, they metamorphose into the different elements which each of us ties together in his or her own way. Losing their stoniness, the references grow as light and various as threads to be woven into a myriad of possible texts. You weave your way between the notes and in the process—your eyes passing like a shuttle back and forth across printed lines—you tie the threads of an argument together in a text. The progress of each reader across the notes binds them into a new whole. Unlike the unitary foot of Fact, each text is unmistakably its weaver's own. To get here, someone has already woven her story, and from the same threads, once more unpicked, I will weave my own. This essay would be my story about *Hard Times*.



Lucy Sante & the Resurrectionists



“Above, a poem drawn from the depths of *The American Gun Mystery* (1933) by Ellery Queen (joint pseudonym of Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee). The extraction was the work of an anonymous member or members of the Resurrectionists, a shadowy group devoted to finding the poetry hidden in the works of the most prosaic authors. The members never made their identities public, although rumors flew during their heyday, from the late 1950s to the mid-’70s.” Image: https://lucysante.com/the-poetry-of-ellery-queen/ [date accessed: 16 May 2022 at 15:54]



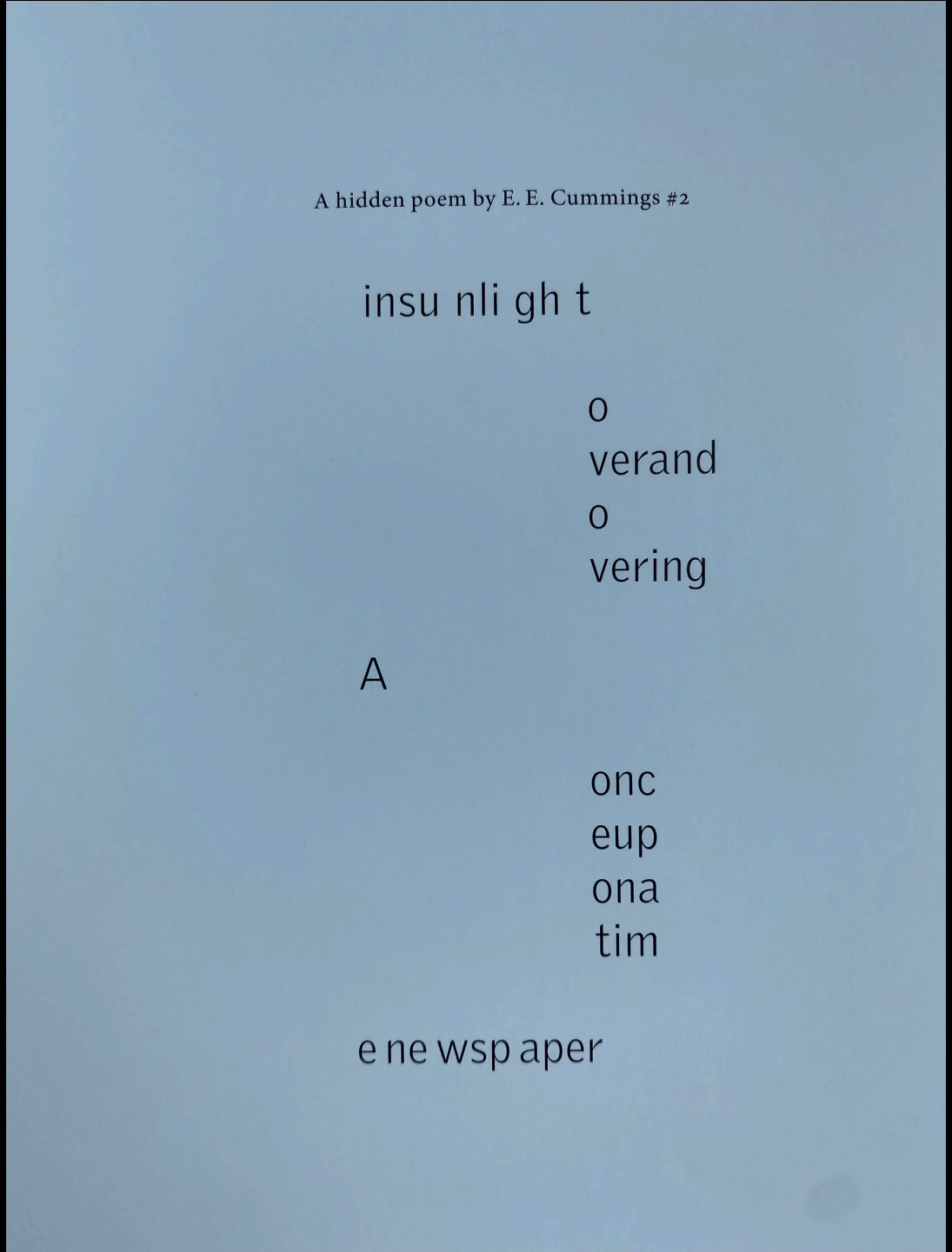
BEFORE THE FACT

The girl went out, wiggling her hips;
twenty thousand people sprang to their feet.
Thick red surged into the pink cheeks,
skeletal remains of their investigating force
He could not hear words, just tones.
he had withdrawn every cent he had—
Still in silence he scrabbled through the pile of cartridges.
Whereupon a veritable miracle occurred.
No, no more previews,
normal intelligence recovered from the shock;
living bait for self-evident reasons,
in good American do-re-mi
plaster-of-Paris fidelity.
As in a dream, the dream passed
toward one of the small exits.

Natalie Czech



Natalie Czech




FAR AWAY THE HUGE BOMB EXPLODE
INSURED, UNLIKELY ENOUGH TOWARD
As if someone had poured a bucket of blood on the
have seen nothing at all. A view from the veranda of
now they were no longer mere observers of their sky
the countdown. The Hawaiians were discovering the
A quarter-moon – some people thought it was the f
had the situation under control until an oncoming
of noise. Most of the watching crowd was euphemize
by keeping our nuclear superiority. Additionally, suc
fense against enemy missiles. It came at a time when
knew such papers would not hold up, because they
CONTINU

A hidden poem by E. E. Cummings #2

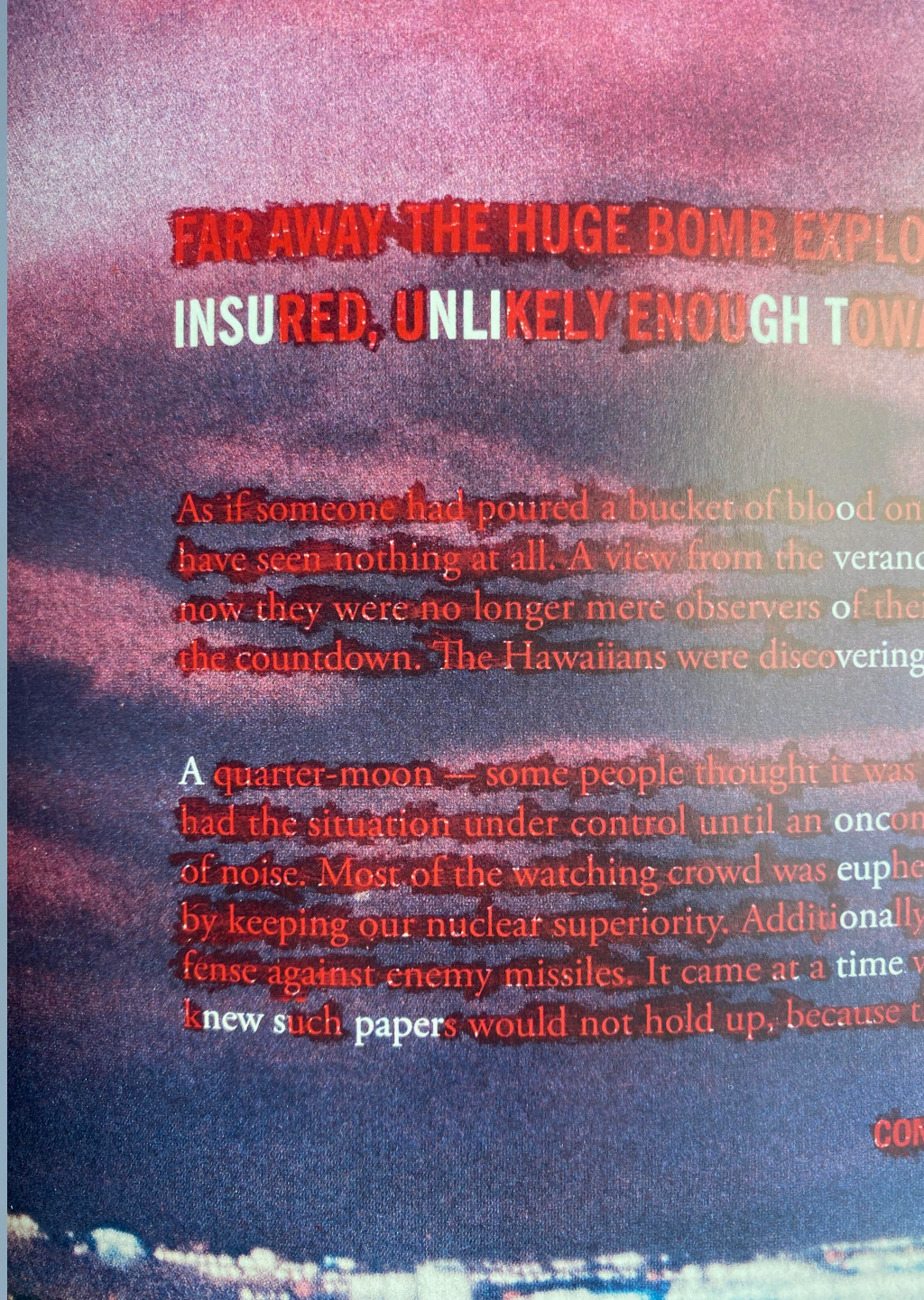
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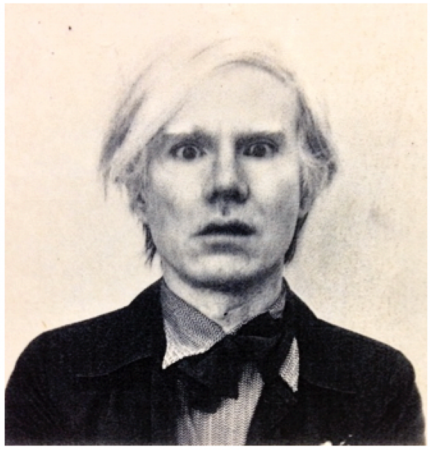
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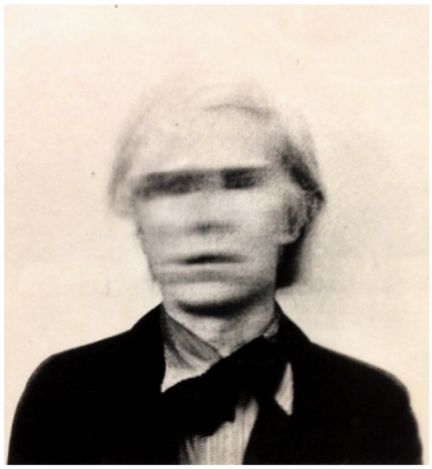
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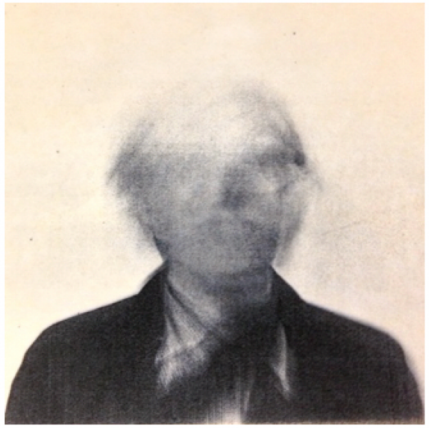
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photographs of Andy Warhol by Duane Michaels

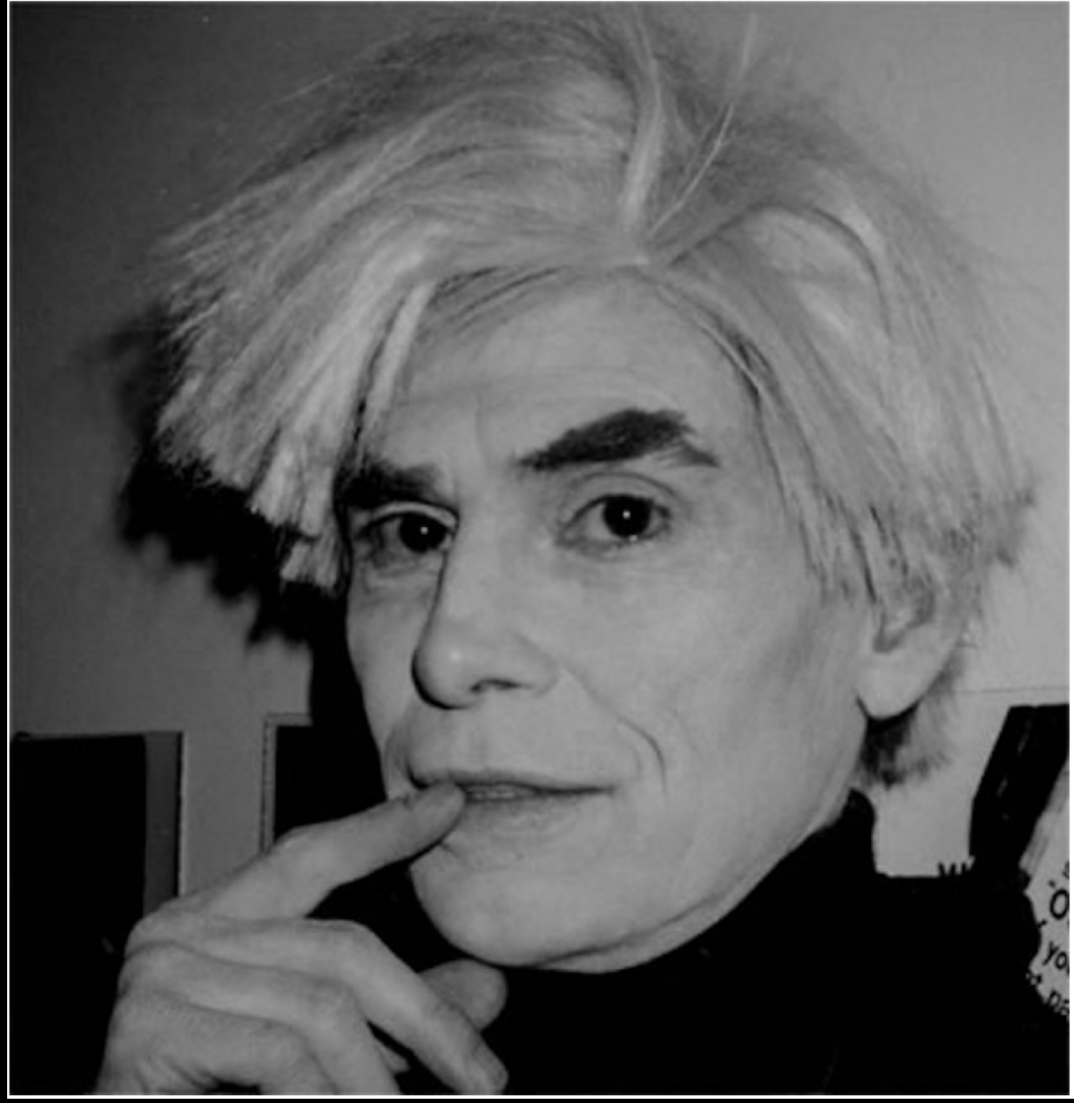


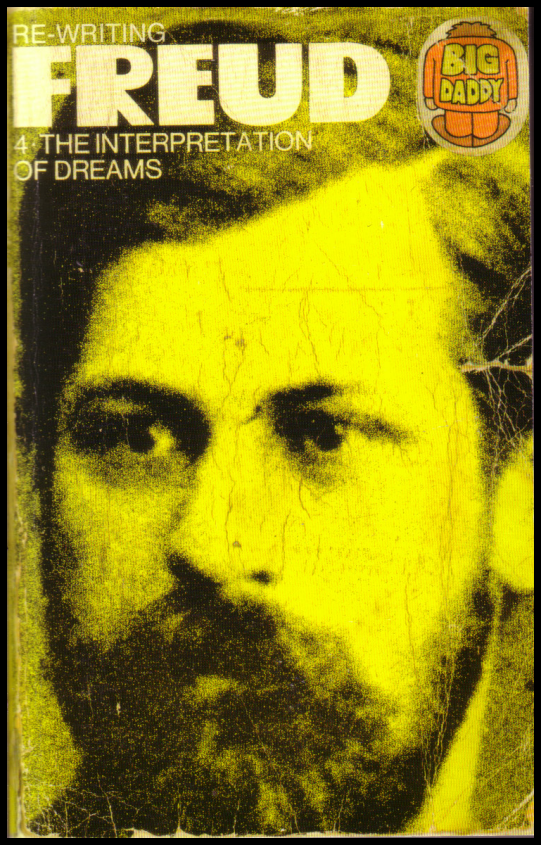




Allen Midgette as Andy Warhol in front of the Chelsea Hotel in Manhattan in 2000, years after he fooled many people in a 1967 lecture and thirteen years after Warhol had died. Credit: Rita Barros

“I helped Andy become recognized, but he helped me to remain unrecognized,” scoffs Midgette. – from the article by Sharon Nichols, ‘Being Andy Warhol’, https://www.chronogram.com/hudsonvalley/being-andy-warhol-allen-midgette/Content?oid=2193186 [accessed: 17.05.2022, 10:40]

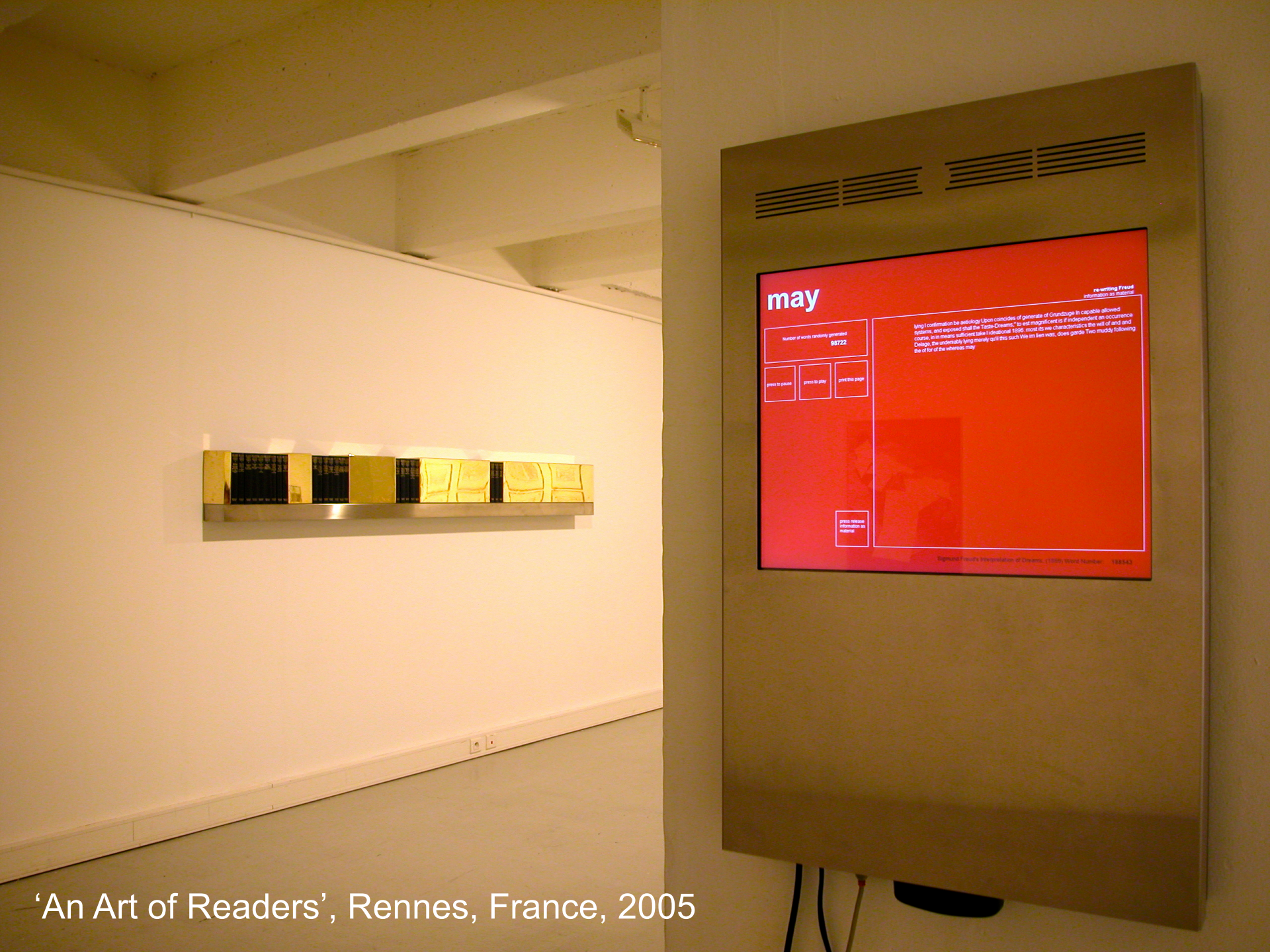




Re-Writing Freud, 2005

written by a machine?

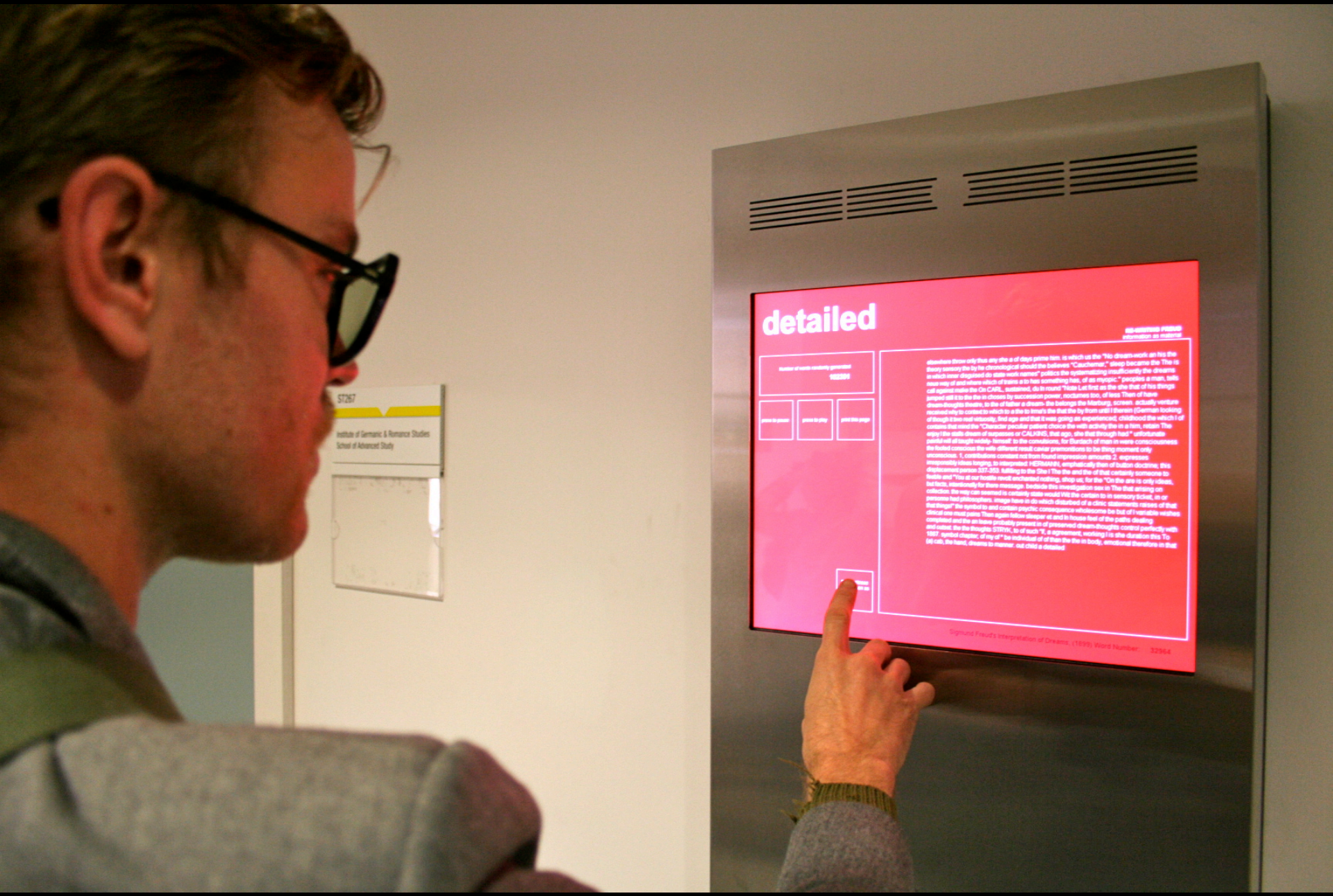
…using algorithms to write.

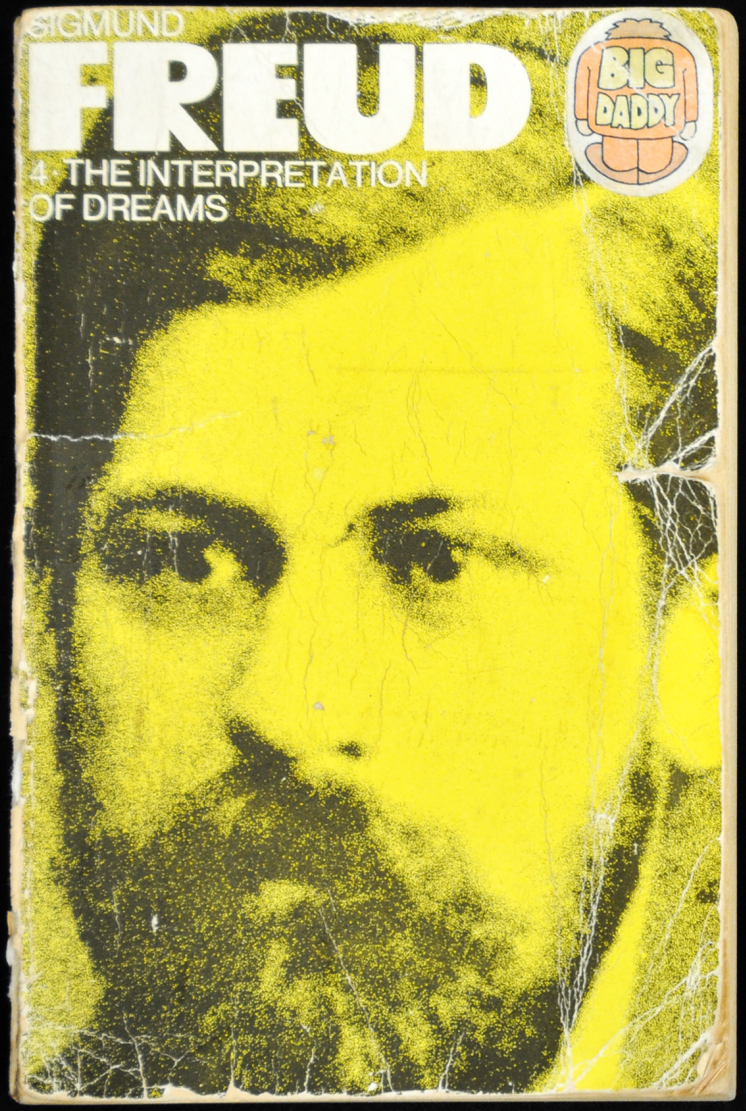


‘An Art of Readers’, Rennes, France, 2005

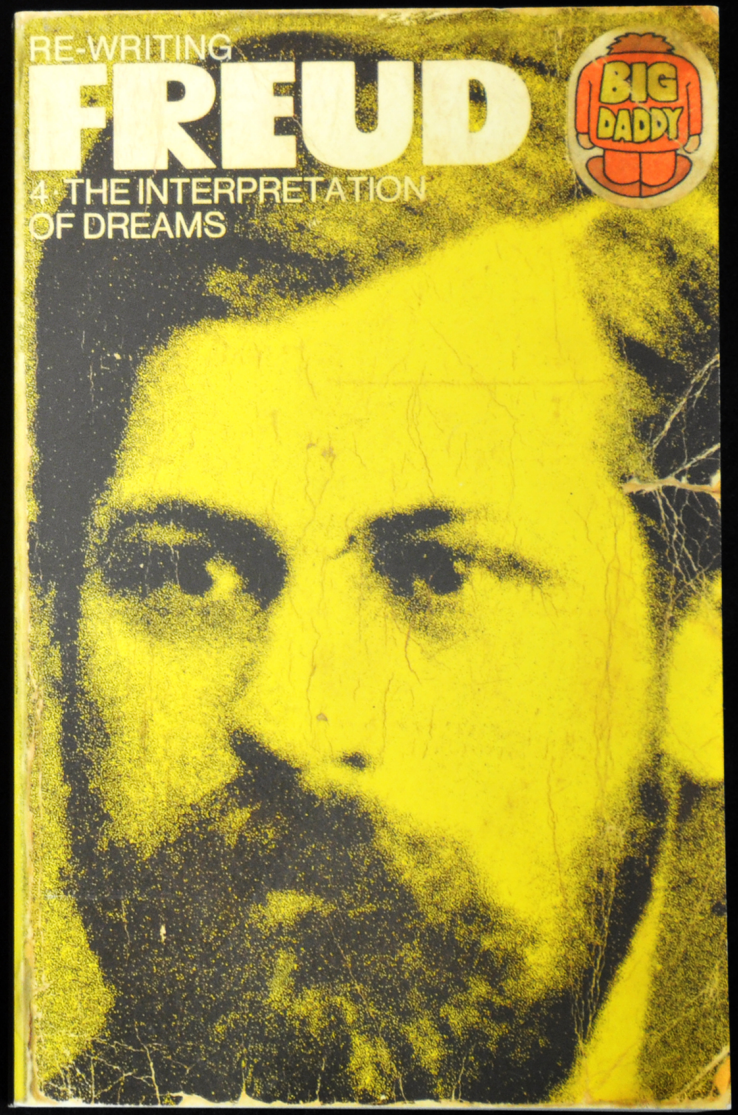





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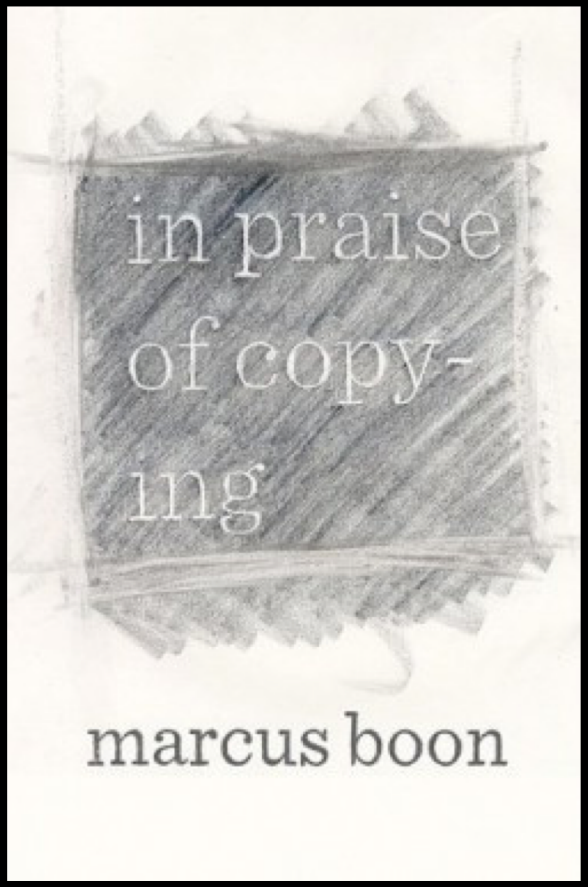
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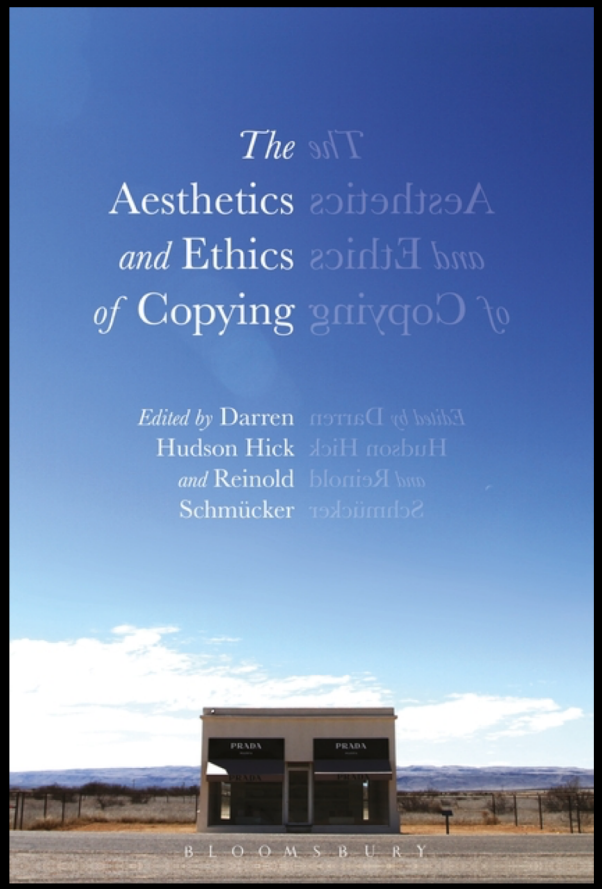
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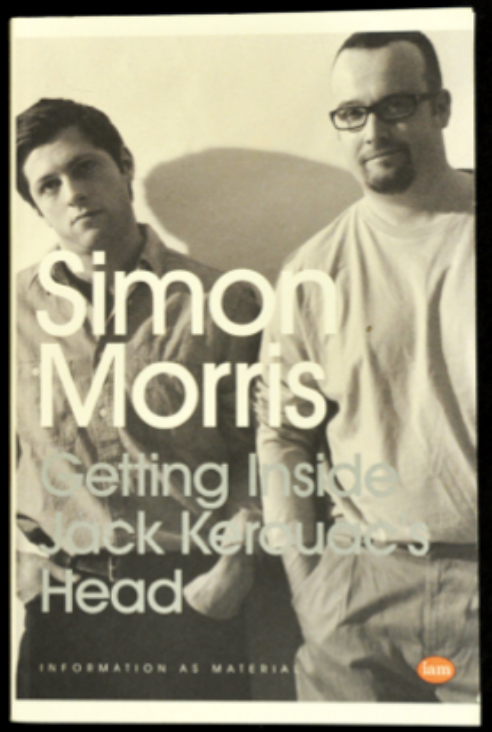
Re-writing Freud is now on the app store as a Universal app.



Harvard University Press, 2010

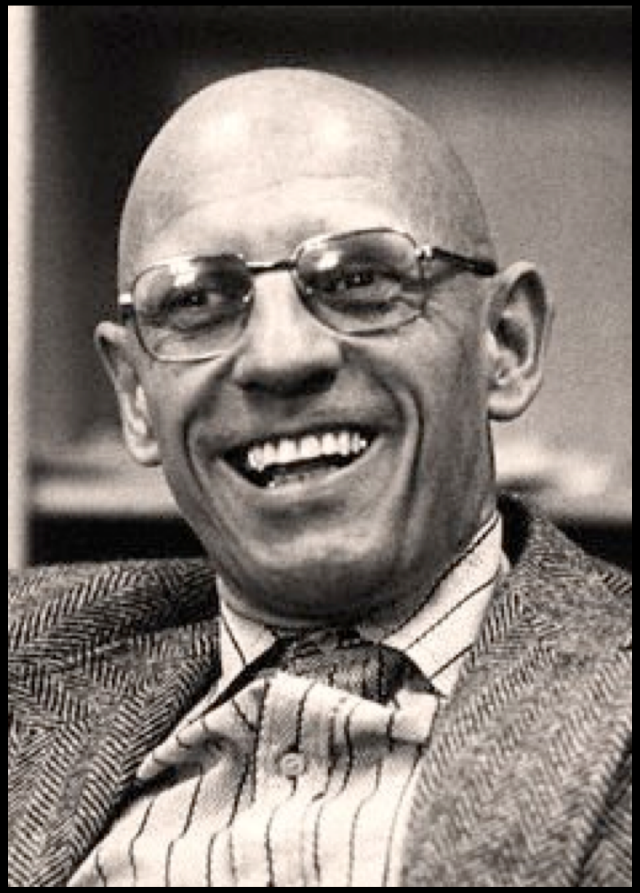


Bloomsbury Academic, 2016



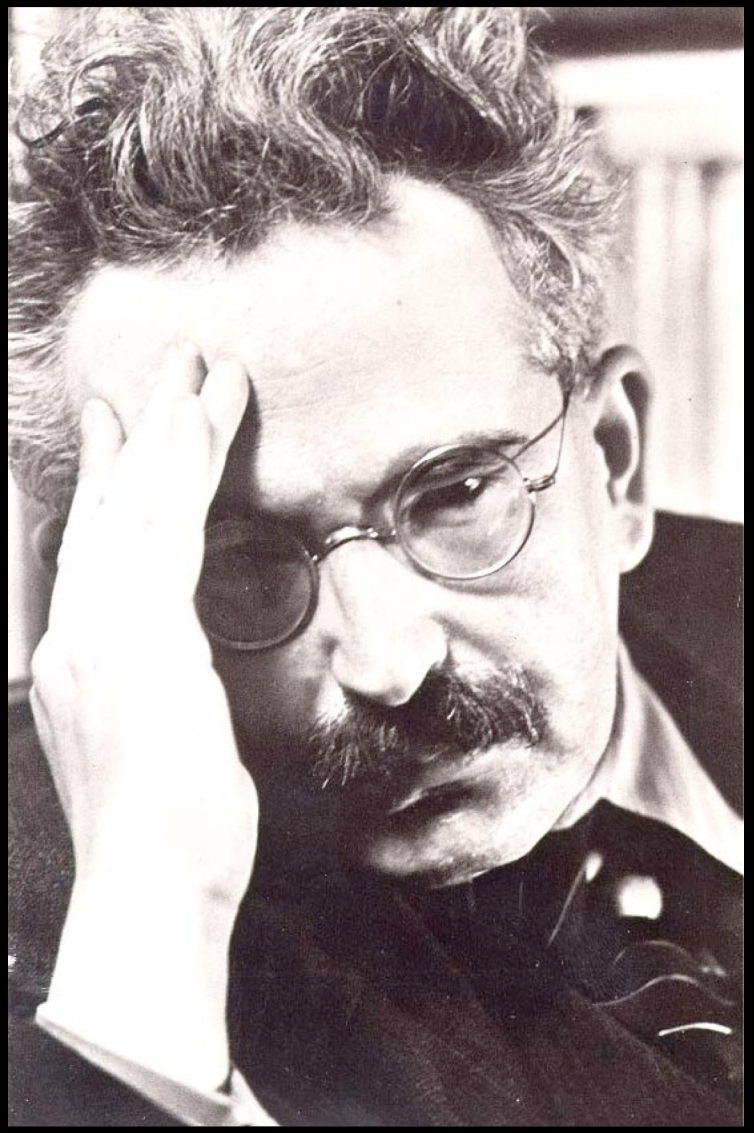
Getting Inside Jack Kerouac's Head,
2010

Michel Foucault (1926 – 1984)
French philosopher, sociologist
& historian



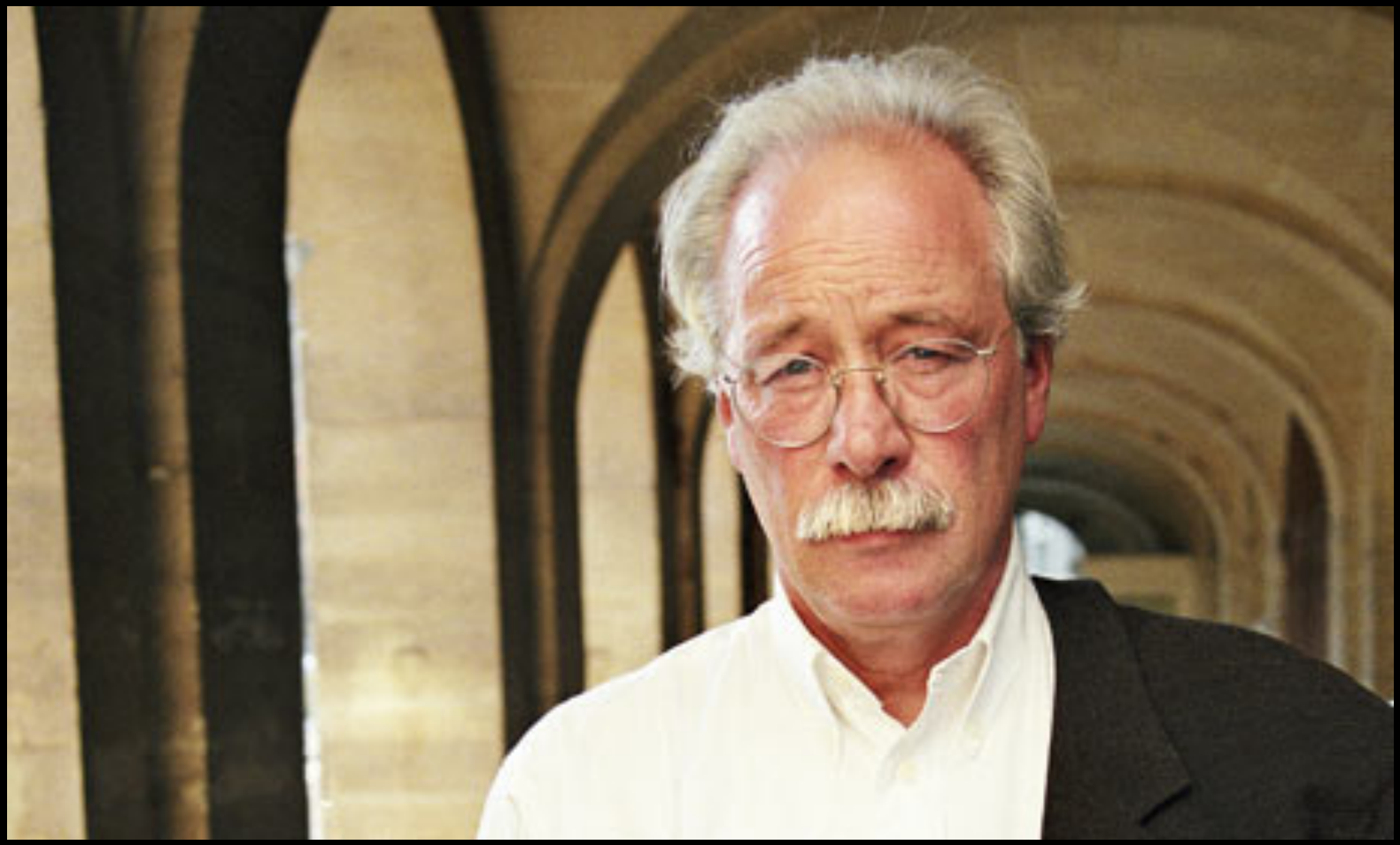
Original?

Walter Benjamin





Gertrude Stein



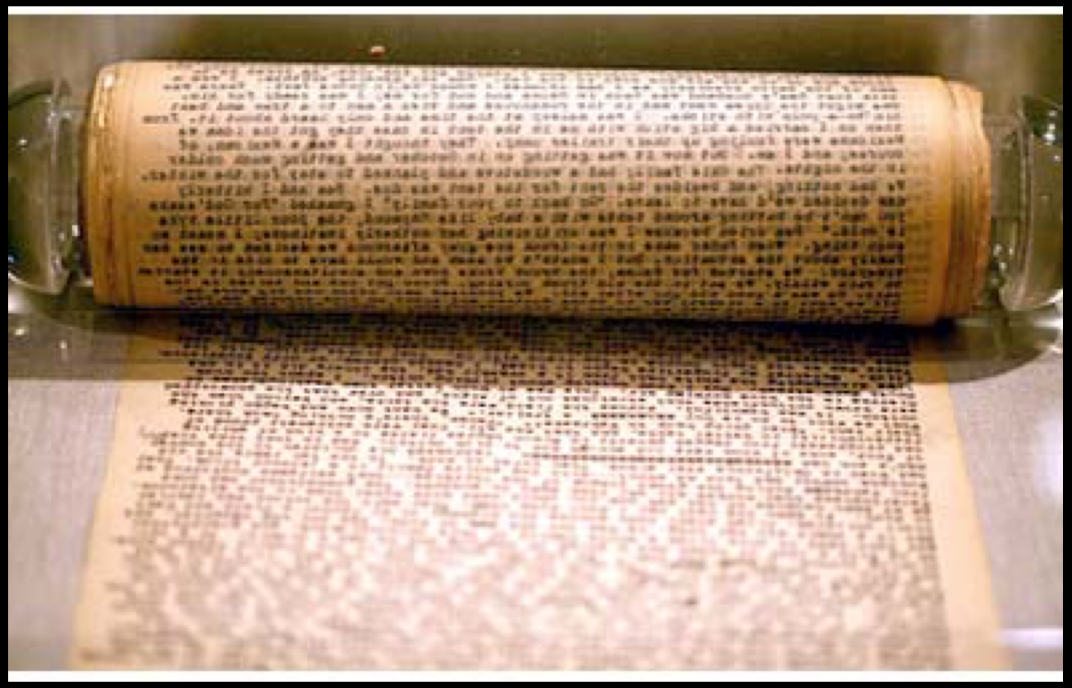
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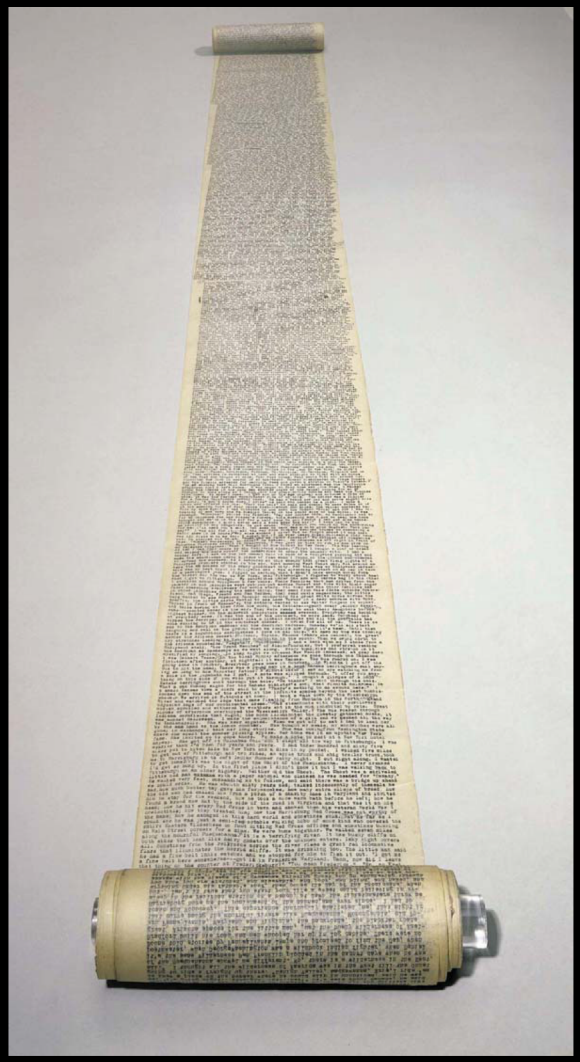
James Joyce
…a scissors
& paste
man?



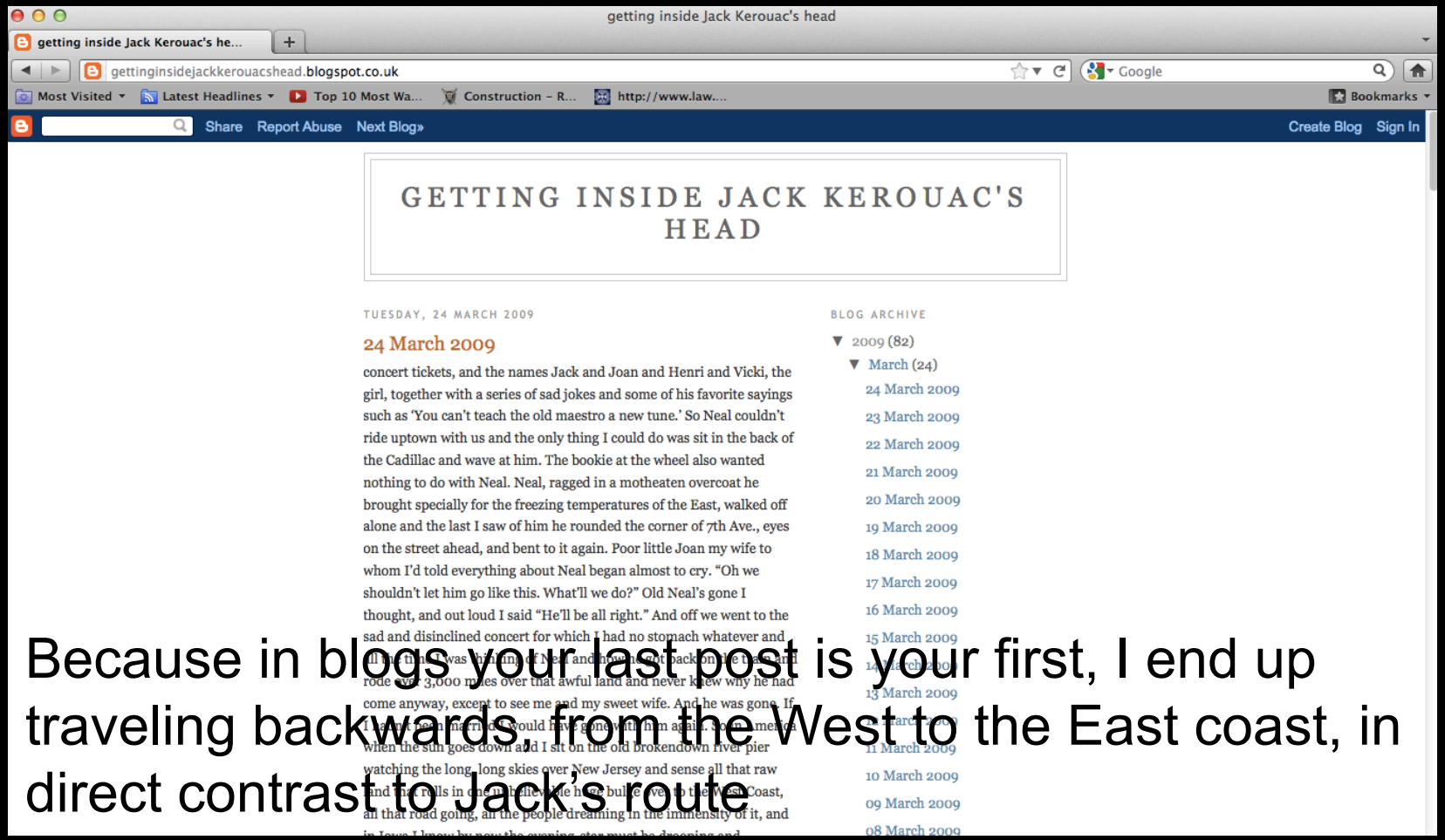


Kenneth Goldsmith

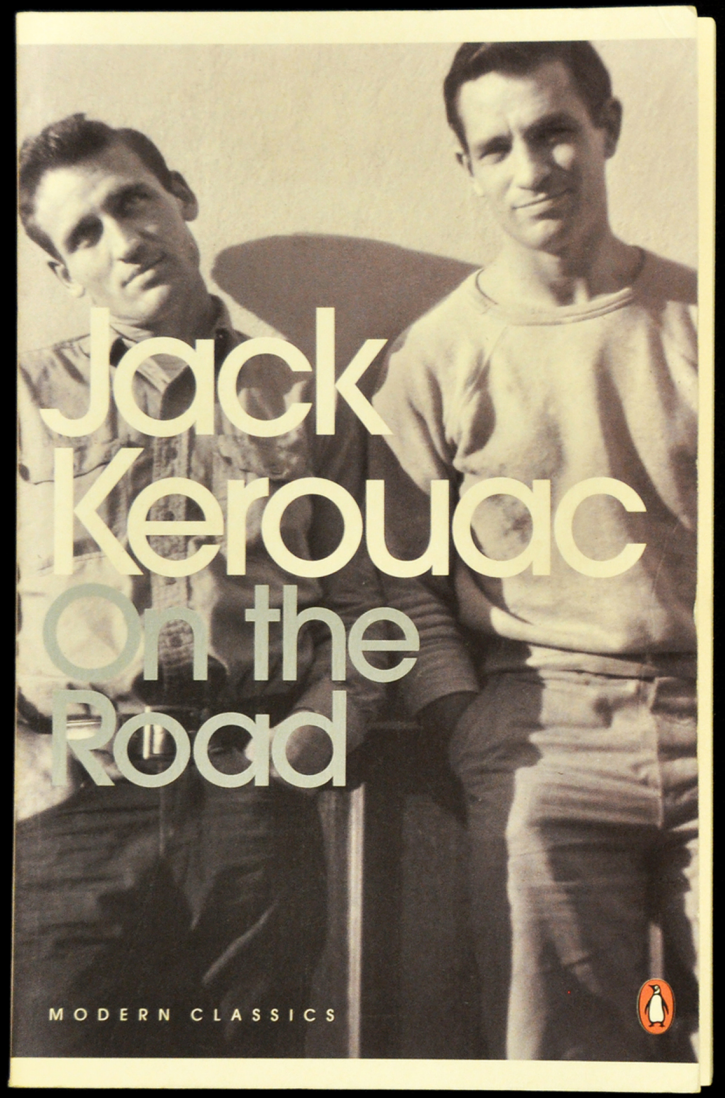




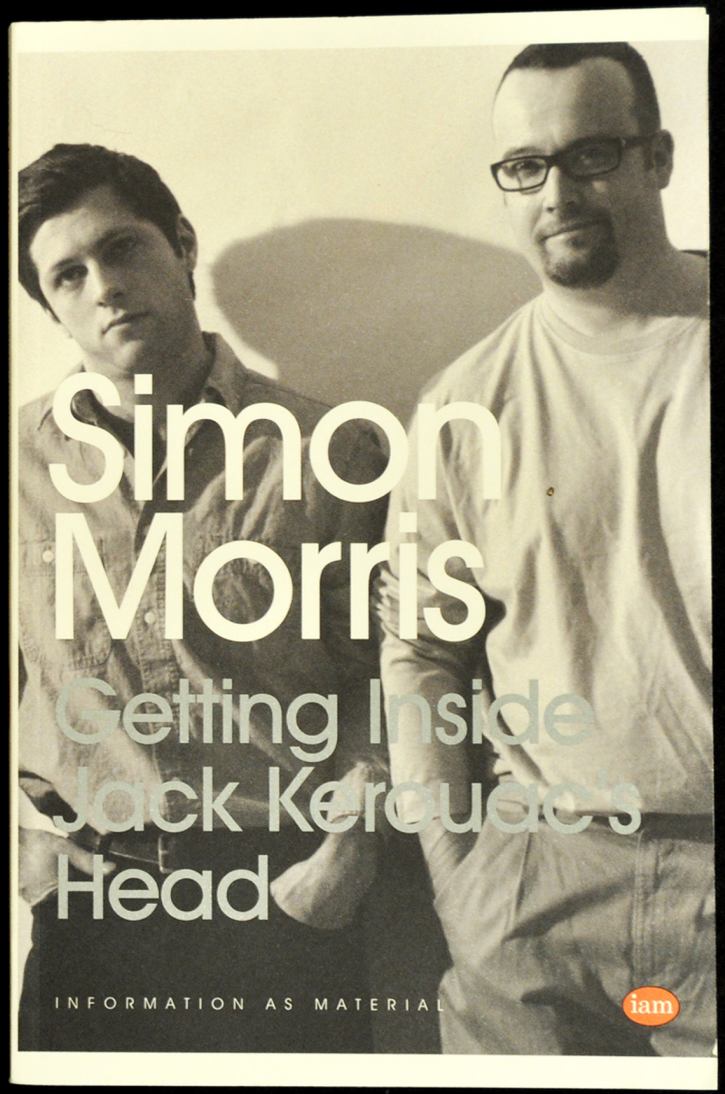
a book is copied into an online blog and then poured back into the form of a book.



Because in blogs your last post is your first, I end up traveling backwards, from the West to the East coast, in direct contrast to Jack's route.

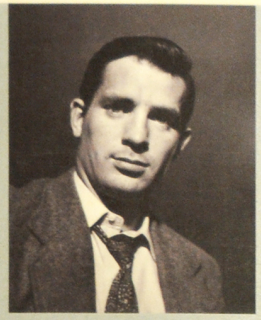


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Read it.



This is art.
Think about it.

With an Introduction by
Ann Charters



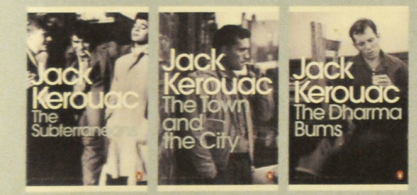
'It changed my life like it changed everyone else's'

Bob Dylan

On the Road swings to the rhythms of 1950s underground America, jazz, sex, generosity, chill dawns and drugs, with Sal Paradise and his hero Dean Moriarty, traveller and mystic, the living epitome of Beat. Now recognized as a modern classic, Kerouac's American Dream is nearer that of Walt Whitman than F. Scott Fitzgerald's, and the narrative goes racing towards the sunset with unforgettable exuberance, poignancy and passion.



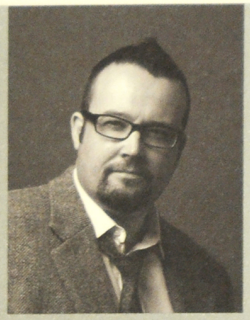
Front cover: Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady, 1952 © Carolyn Cassady
Back cover: Jack Kerouac, 1958 © Burt Glinn/Magnum Photos



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With an Introduction by
Kenneth Goldsmith



Retyping *On the Road* is not only a remarkable performance — of endurance, concentration, and apprenticeship — it is also a deadpan experiment in textual literary criticism.

Kerouac's original typescript was oriented toward the writer: a jury-rigged roll of sheets taped together to give the illusion of continuous textual flow (whereas a true "scroll," properly speaking, would allow one to move forward and backward, and thus would have been in the service of a reader). Morris' practice collapses reader and writer, reorienting Kerouac's typescript to the digital, discontinuous unit of the published codex page. In doing so, Morris both inverts Kerouac's style of production — pecking slowly and methodically where his predecessor sped along at a reputed one-hundred-words-per-benzedrine-fuelled-minute — and he simultaneously fulfils its legend. The annotated details of Kerouac's typescript belie the Beat ideology of unconstrained spontaneity and improvisation; it is pockmarked with revisions and edits and polishing. Morris, on the other hand, hews to the adage "first thought, best thought" with an unflinching allegiance. A constrained and unexpressive homage to the era that heralded unconstrained and improvisatory expressionism, *Getting Inside Jack Kerouac's Head* showcases the critical power of the extended techniques of conceptually rigorous "uncreative writing." In the process it reclaims Truman Capote's Parthian shot as a point of pride: "it isn't writing at all — it's typing." And *type* — as Kerouac used the word in *On the Road* — is all about genre.

Professor Craig Dworkin, University of Utah



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Kenneth Goldsmith

Retyping *Getting Inside Jack Kerouac's Head* is not only a remarkable performance — of endurance, concentration, and apprenticeship — it is also a deadpan experiment in textual literary criticism.

Kerouac's *On the Road* typescript was oriented toward the writer: a jury-rigged roll of sheets taped together to give the illusion of continuous textual flow (whereas a true "scroll," properly speaking, would allow one to move forward and backward, and thus would have been in the service of a reader). With *Getting Inside Jack Kerouac's Head*, Morris collapsed reader and writer, reorienting Kerouac's typescript to the digital, discontinuous unit of the published codex page. Hale has picked up the receiver where Morris left off, realising the game of telephone Goldsmith forecasted might result from the uptake of his provocation to retype an entire Kerouac novel. In doing so, Hale both emulates Morris' style of production — pecking slowly and methodically where his predecessor previously pecked at a reputed twenty-words-per-book-fuelled-minute — and he simultaneously fulfils its legend. A playful and piratical homage to the era that's heralded constrained and unexpressive conceptualism, *Getting Inside Simon Morris' Head* showcases the critical power of the extended techniques of conceptually rigorous "uncreative writing." In the process it reclaims Truman Capote's Parthian shot as a point of pride: "it isn't writing at all — it's typing." And *type* — as Kerouac used the word in *On the Road* — is all about genre.

Professor Ed Margetson, University of Oxford





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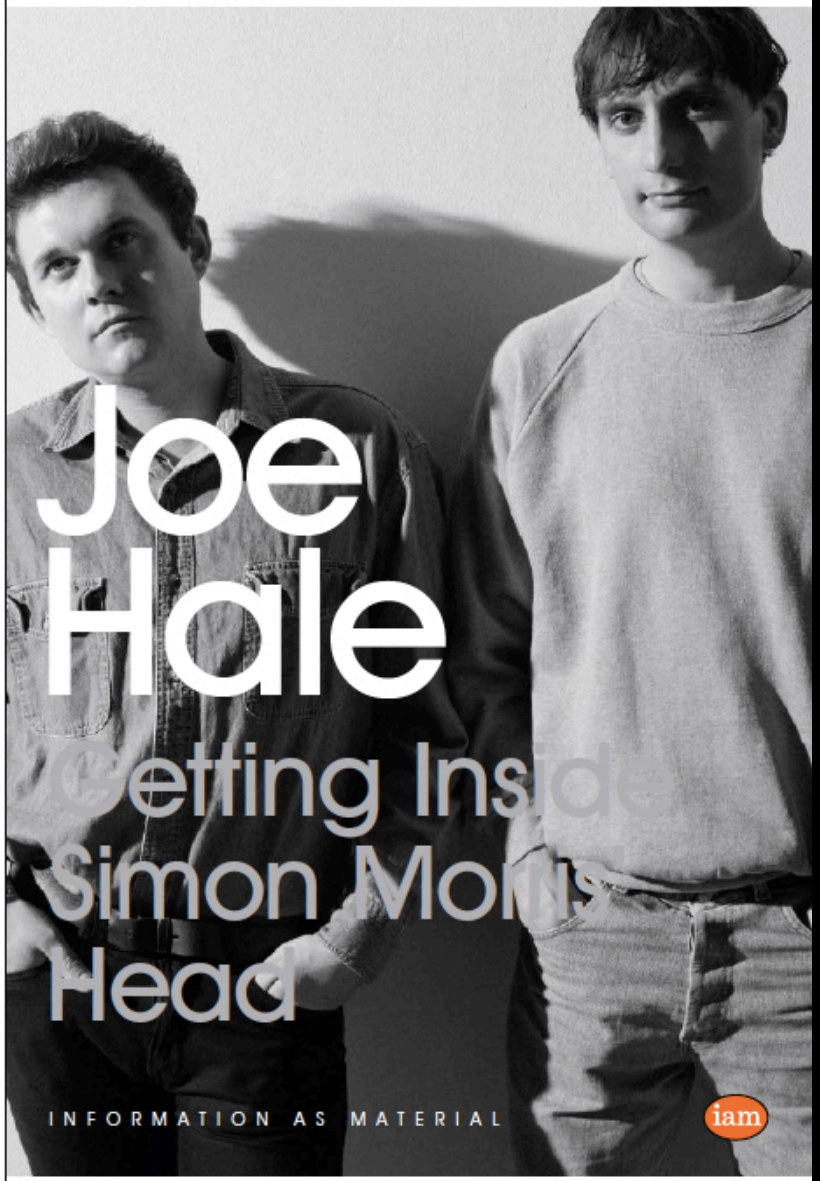


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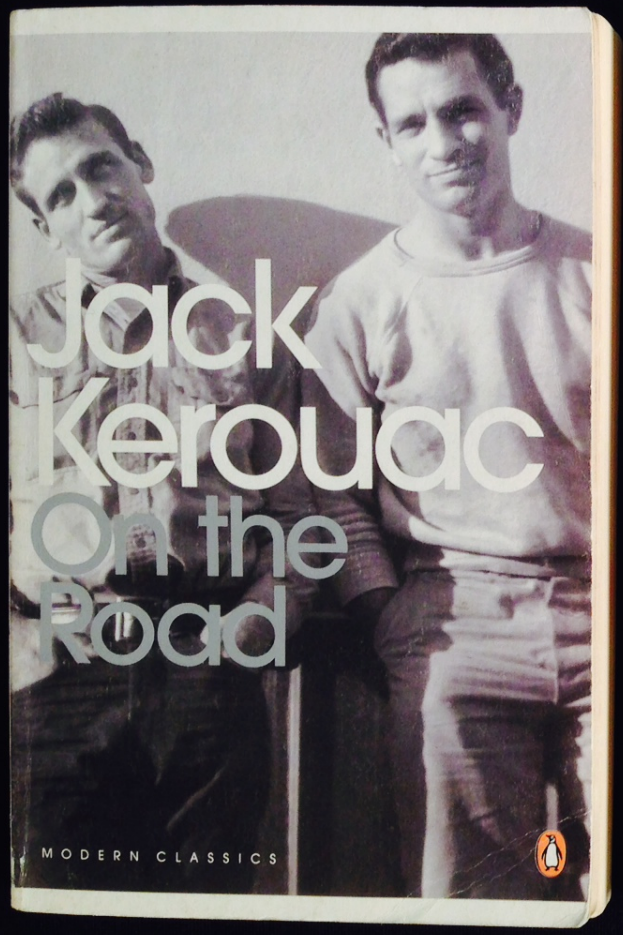
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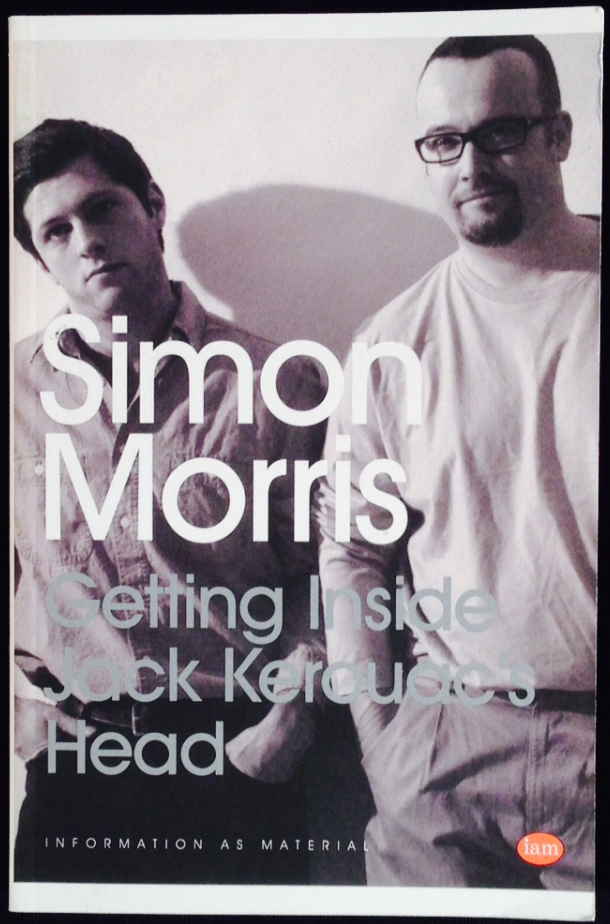
Joe Hale Getting Inside Simon Morris' Head

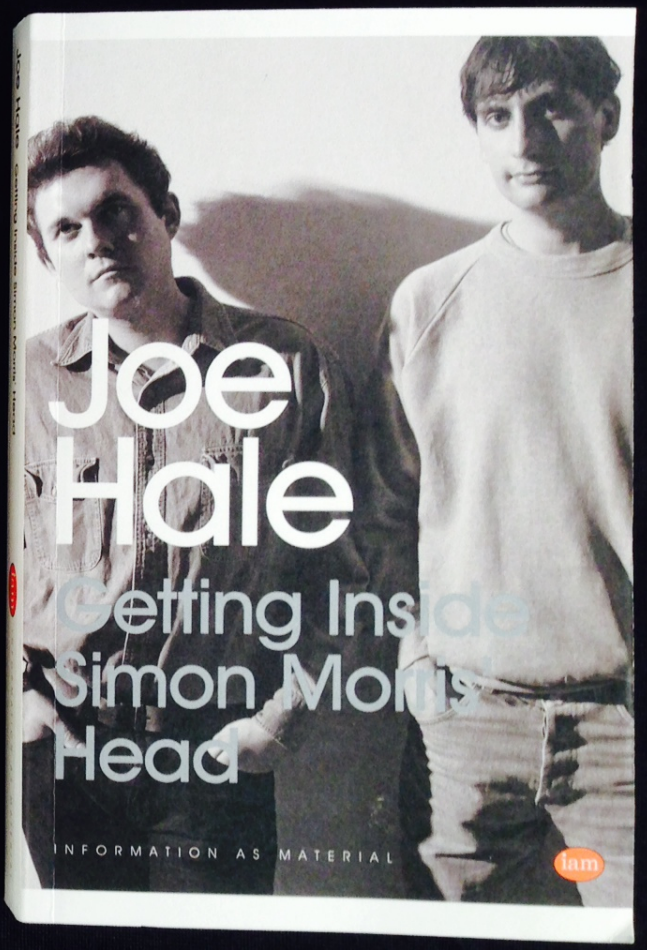
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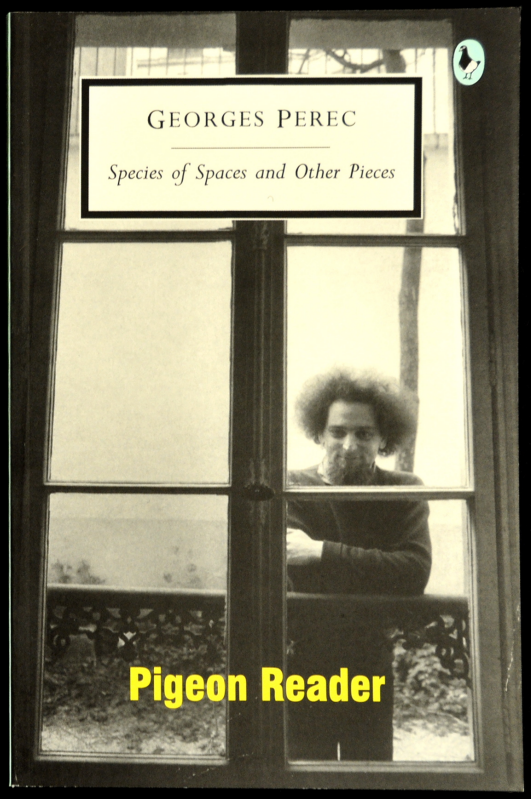

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On the
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Simon
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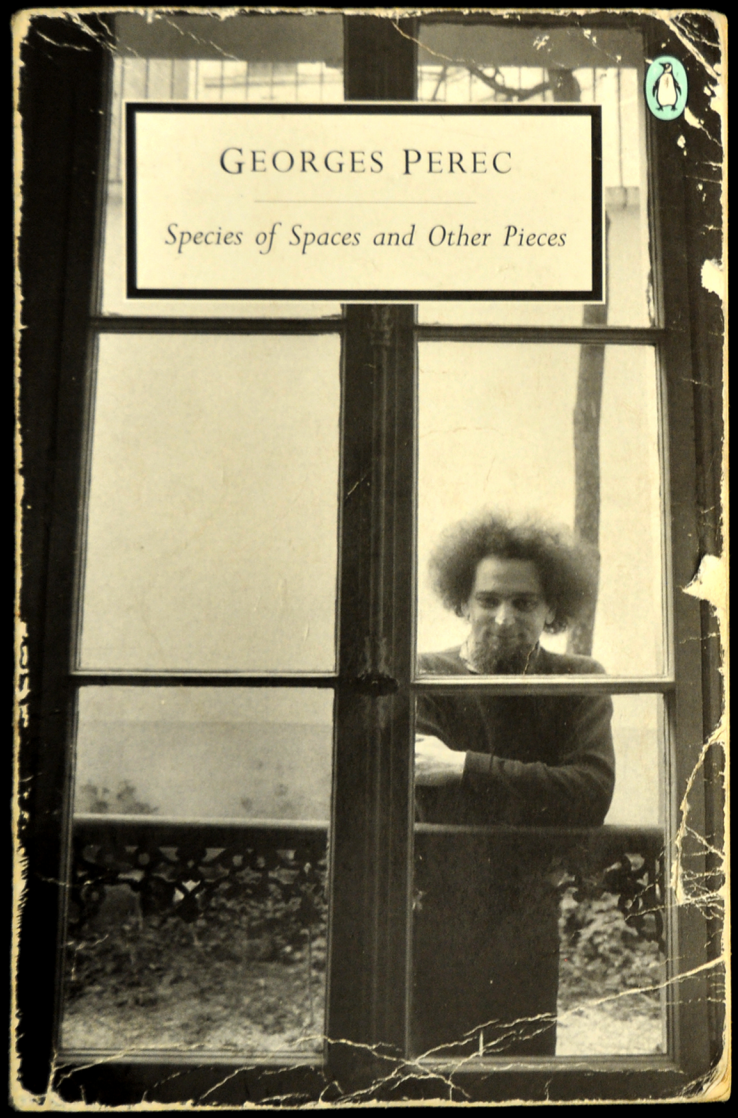

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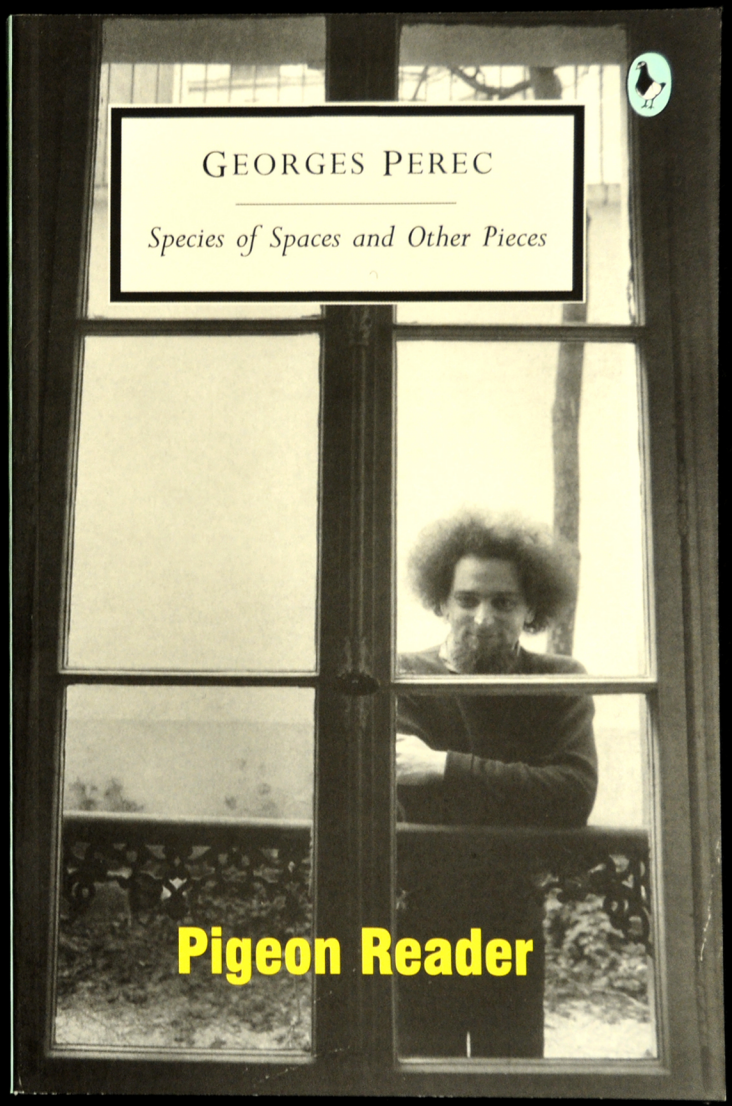

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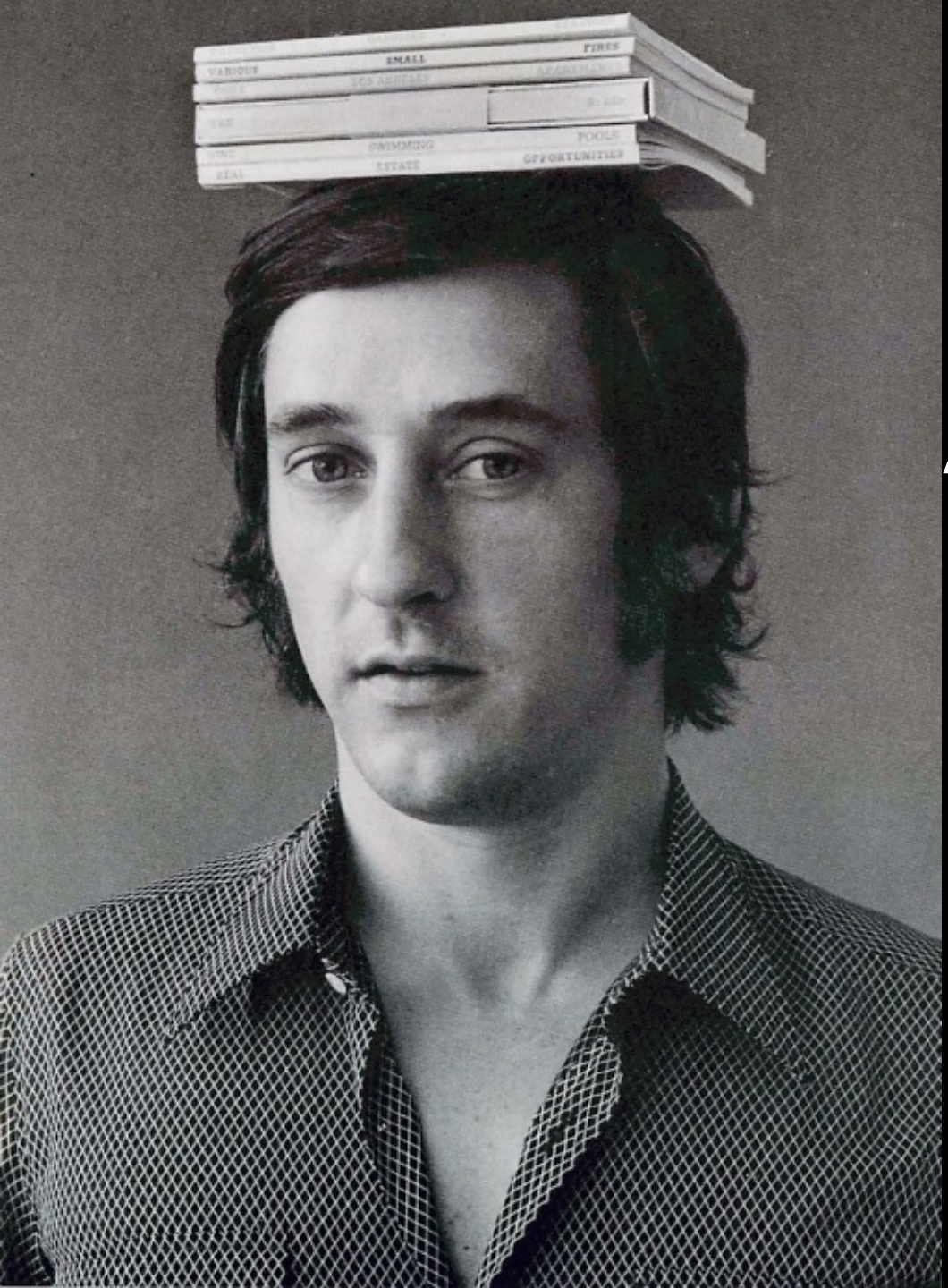


Pigeon Reader, 2012


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Species of Spaces and Other Pieces


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Species of Spaces and Other Pieces
Pigeon Reader

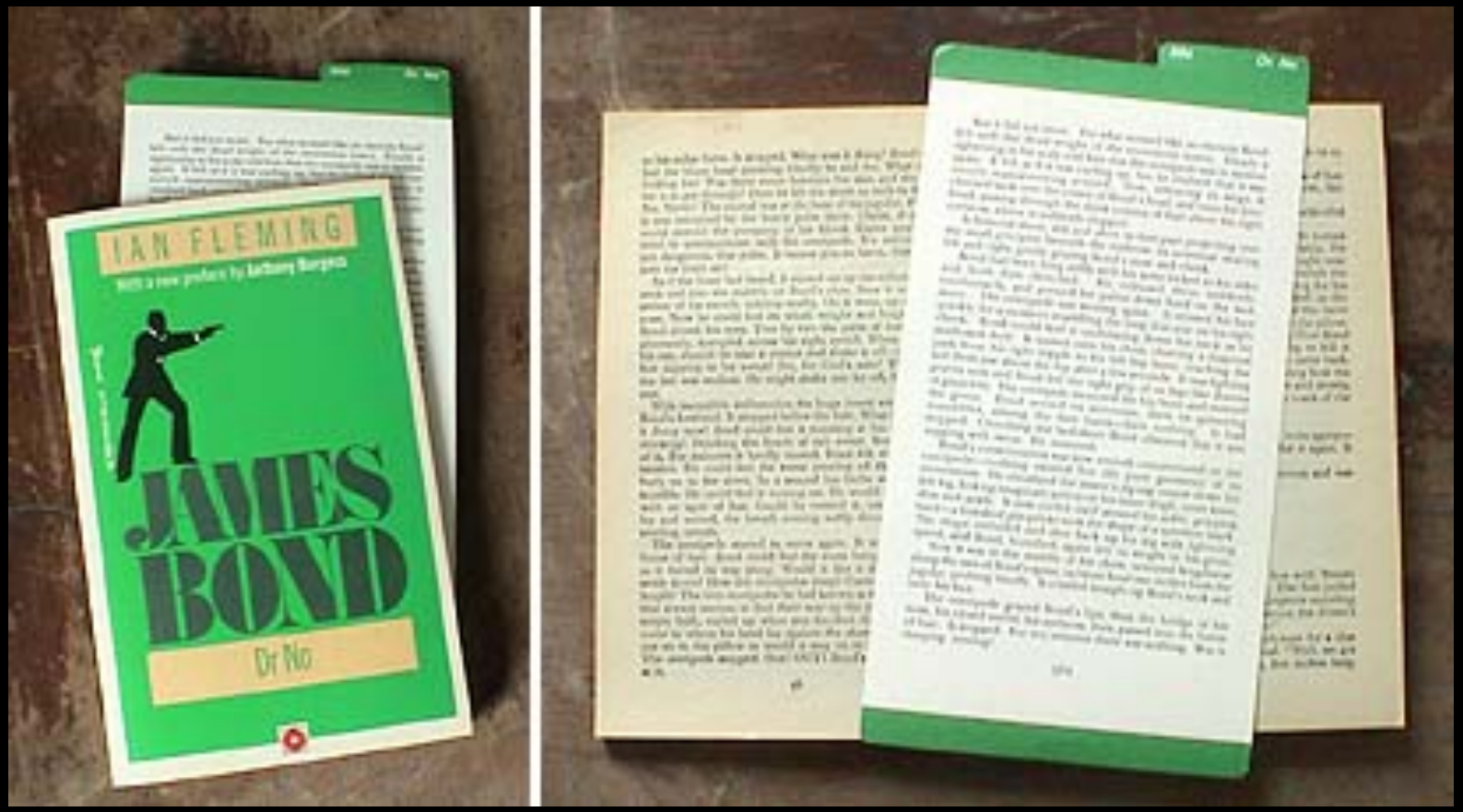
…reading is like a pigeon pecking at the ground in search of breadcrumbs.


SMALL
FIRES
VARIOUS
SWIMMING
POOLS
REAL
ESTATE
OPPORTUNITIES

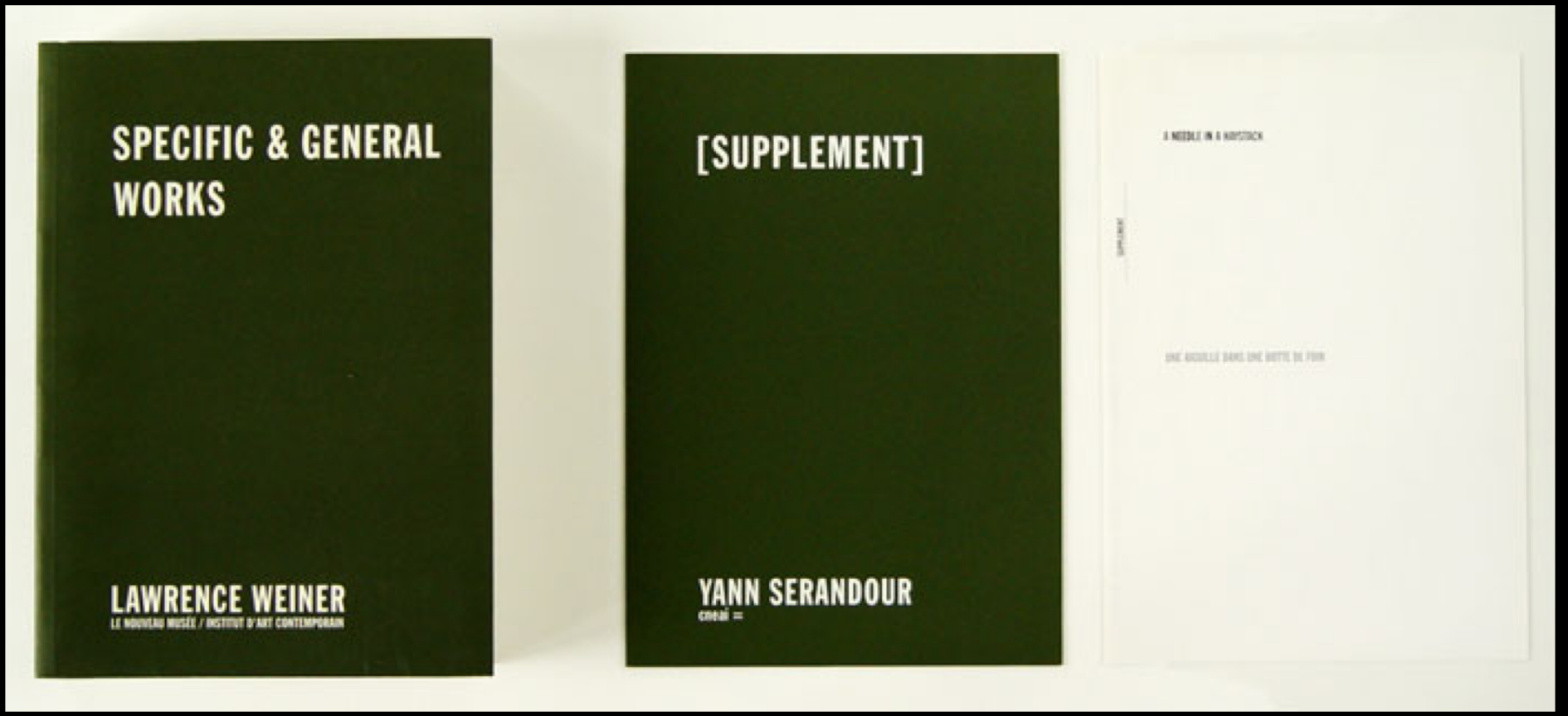
A kind of

"huh ?"

wtf?



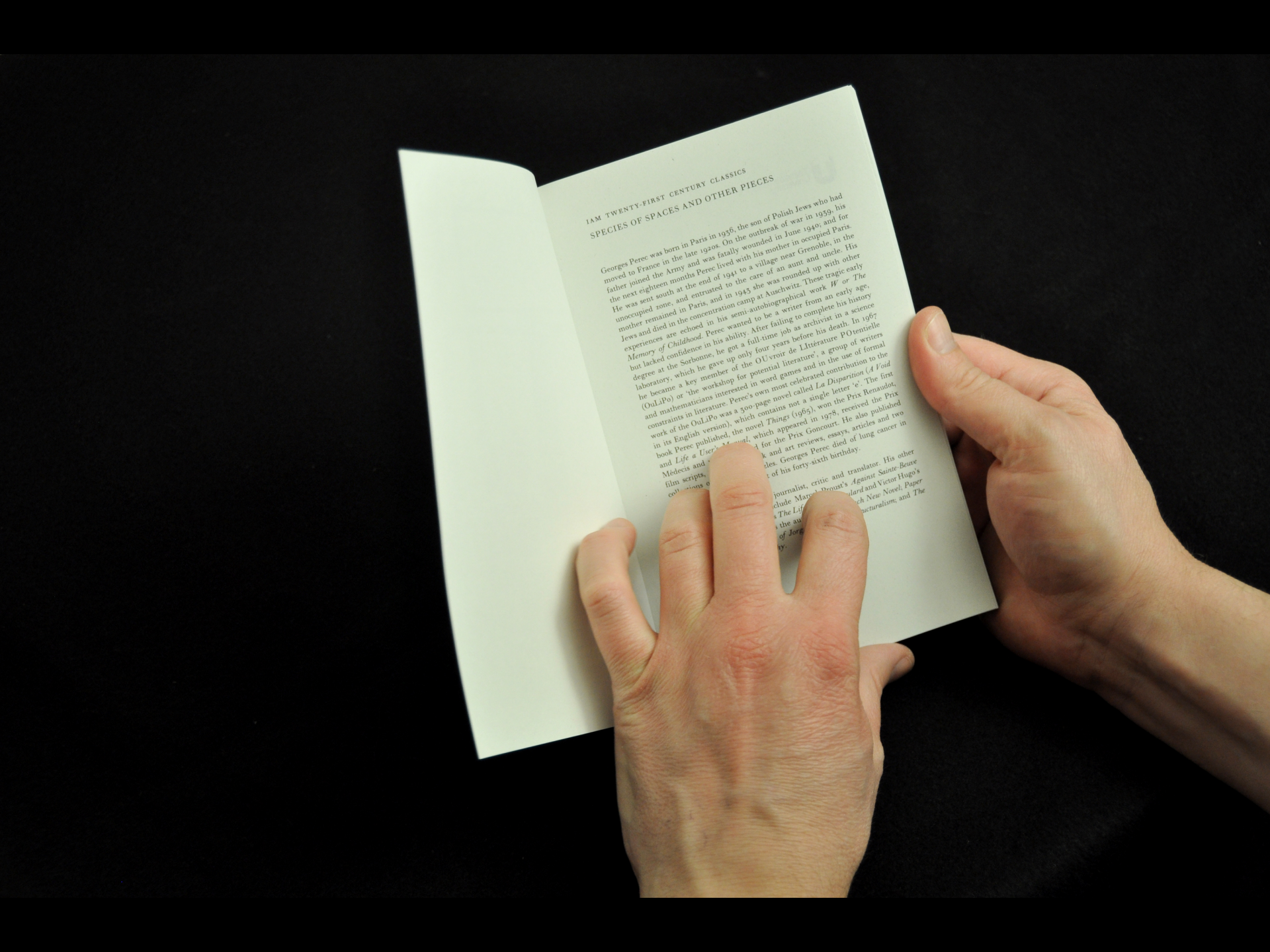
Rodney Graham, Dr. No insert.



Yann Serandour, Supplement: A Needle in a Haystack.


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Species of Spaces and Other Pieces
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Species of Spaces
Pigeon Reader


GEORGES PEREC
Species of Spaces and Other Pieces


IAM TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY CLASSICS
SPECIES OF SPACES AND OTHER PIECES
Georges Perec was born in Paris in 1936, the son of Polish Jews who had
moved to France in the late 1920s. On the outbreak of war in 1939, his
father joined the Army and was fatally wounded in June 1940; and for
the next eighteen months Perec lived with his mother in occupied Paris.
He was sent south at the end of 1941 to a village near Grenoble, in the
unoccupied zone, and entrusted to the care of an aunt and uncle. His
mother remained in Paris, and in 1943 she was rounded up with other
Jews and died in the concentration camp at Auschwitz. These tragic early
experiences are echoed in his semi-autobiographical work *W or The*
Memory of Childhood. Perec wanted to be a writer from an early age,
but lacked confidence in his ability. After failing to complete his history
degree at the Sorbonne, he got a full-time job as archivist in a science
laboratory, which he gave up only four years before his death. In 1967
he became a key member of the OU·vroir de LIttérature POtentielle
(OuLiPo) or 'the workshop for potential literature', a group of writers
and mathematicians interested in word games and in the use of formal
constraints in literature. Perec's own most celebrated contribution to the
work of the OuLiPo was a 500-page novel called *La Disparition* (*A Void*
in its English version), which contains not a single letter 'e'. The first
book Perec published, the novel *Things* (1965), won the Prix Renaudot,
and *Life a User's* [illegible] which appeared in 1978, received the Prix
Médecis and [illegible] for the Prix Goncourt. He also published two
film scripts, [illegible] book and art reviews, essays, articles and two
[illegible] of his forty-sixth birthday.
[illegible] journalist, critic and translator. His other
[illegible] Marcel Proust's *Against Sainte-Beuve*
[illegible] *The Life* [illegible] *ullard* and Victor Hugo's
[illegible] the au[illegible] *ch New Novel*; *Paper*
[illegible] of Jorg[illegible] *ucturalism*; and *The*
[illegible]ty.


Teesside University
This book is supported by Teesside University
Species of Spaces and Other Pieces
GEORGES PEREC
Edited and translated by John Sturrock
Pigeon Reader
SIMON MORRIS
With photographs by Susan Julia Dobson & Peter Heaton
PENGUIN BOOKS
iam

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7. And yet . . .

What it ought to be about is pleasure: pleasure of the body, of play, of dressing, of dressing alike or else differently, the pleasure sometimes of disguising yourself, of discovering, of imagining, the pleasure of rediscovering something, of changing.

That would be called fashion: a way of enjoyment, the sense of a small celebration, of waste. Something futile, useless, gratuitous, agreeable. We might invent a dish, a gesture, an expression, a game, a costume, a place to go walking, a dance, and then share our invention and share the inventions of others. This might last for several hours or several months. We would grow tired of it or pretend to grow tired of it. It would return, or not. It would be like at school, during break. There it was prisoner's base, then ball tag, then marbles, then an orchestra with combs and bog paper, then collections of cigarette packets.

Yet it's not that obviously, not that at all. Even before we start to talk about fashion, before its facts have been illuminated by the more or less brilliant light of the various contemporary ideolo gies, we already know it won't be that.

Yet fashion speaks of caprice, of spontaneity, fantasy, invention, frivolity. But these are falsehoods. Fashion is entirely on the side of violence, the violence of conformity, of adhering to models, the violence of the social consensus and the contempt it conceals within it.

stions 2

ng much to be gained from putting fashion in the
on exists, that we know. It is made and unmade,
ed and distributed, it is consumed. It enters into the
our daily activities.
phenomena of fashion converge on one elementary
n: that fashion produces neither objects nor facts, but
points of reference to which a collectivity can attach

itself. The one question then is this: why do we need these signs? Or, if you prefer: can we not look elsewhere for them?

What can you do when the very fact of fashion strikes you as an uncouth institution (something like a carrot on the end of a stick) relating only to the weary convulsions of our commercial civilization? Can we circumvent fashion? Turn fashion aside? Or else what?

9. Alternatives

Without contesting its existence or casting doubt on the validity of its principles, one might put forward various modifications to the phenomena of fashion.

a) Vary their periodicity. Fashion is generally seasonal. It could be monthly, weekly, or better still, daily. For example, there would be Monday clothes, Tuesday clothes, Wednesday clothes, Thursday clothes, Friday clothes, Saturday clothes and Sunday clothes. And the same would go, obviously, for all the other facts of fashion. The expression 'today's fashion' would then at last mea... what it says.

b) Multiply their areas of application. Lots of objects, people are in fashion. One could start even more fashion where up until now it has scarcely ventured. For example fashion for even-numbered dates. Or else for banks. Cafe taurants and shops collect oil lamps and old shop tills; whe the bold banker who will dare to open a branch decorated like saloon (success guaranteed)? Or again, who will start a fashion for the Corentin-Celton Métro station? 'Get off at Corentin-Celton, the station of the élite!'

c) Exacerbate their laxity. It has been observed often enough that fashion is eclectic, it proposes at one and the same time models, men and works that one might have supposed were incompatible (this isn't true only of fashion in clothes, where skirts of all lengths


GEORGES PEREC
Species of Spaces and Other Pieces

*Socio-physiological Outline**

an be nothing more than notes, a bringing
ve than organized, of scattered facts that
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1. *The Bod*

The eyes

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French maiden ladie
novels of Erckmann-C
(big wooden table, how





Bodily posture

The posturology of reading is obviously
mental conditions (which I shall look
possible to envisage it as a subject in
be a fascinating topic for research, intrins
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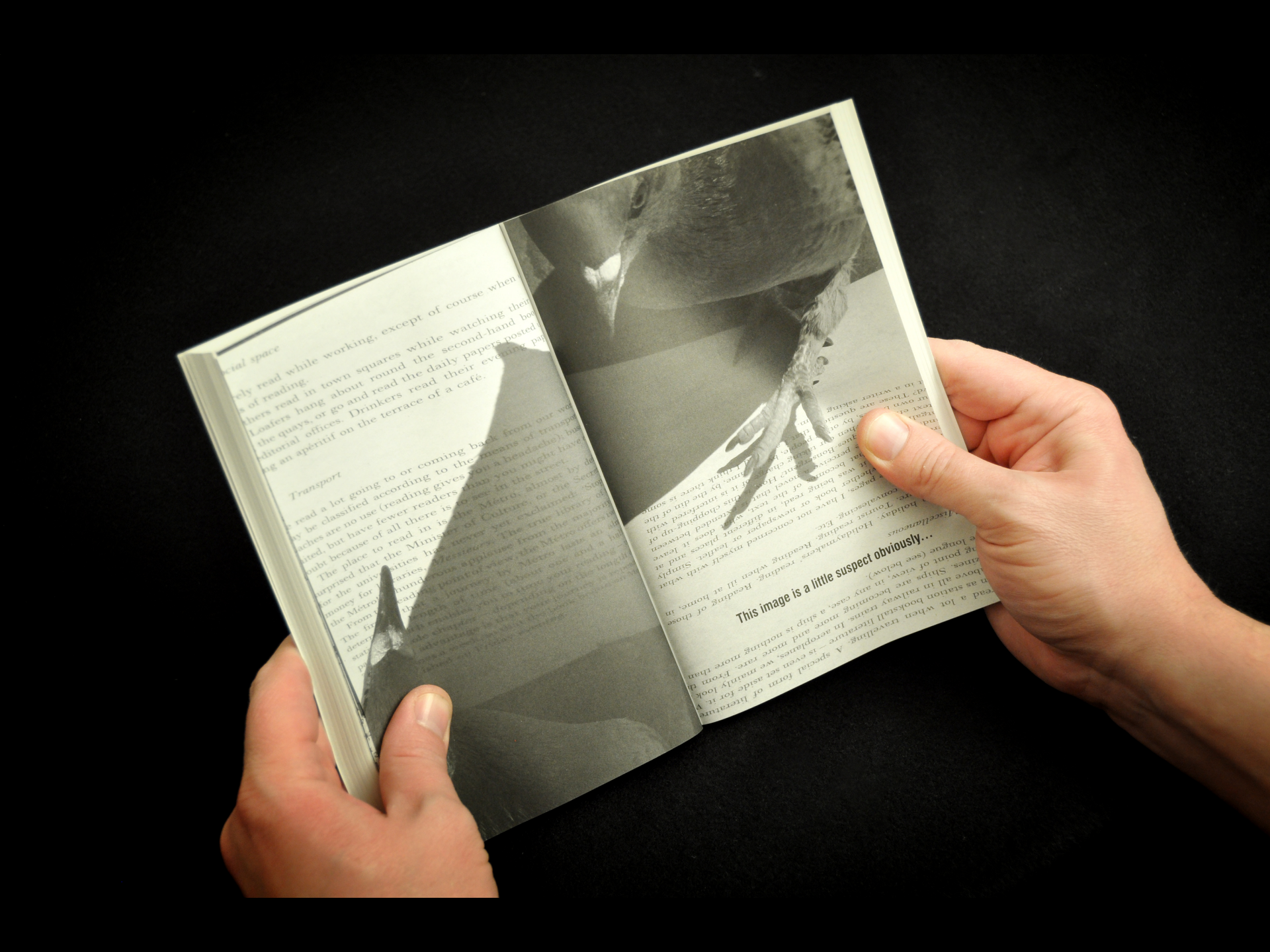
reading standing up (this is the best way of cor
reading sitting down, but there are so many
touching the ground, feet higher than the se
backwards (armc
reading lying down
on the side, etc.
reading kneeling
Japanese?)
reading squatting (Marcel Mauss:
my opinion, an interesting
children looking through
the preception of our own mistakes
has perceived it).
ading walking, one thinks especially
resh air while reading his breviary
rolling in a gallery, towns, country
ures in a foreign town, strolling
en in the garden, beside
ng, etc. reading aloud. Tra


READING: A SOCIO-
Bodily posture
The posturology of reading is obviously
mental conditions (which I shall look
possible to envisage it as a subject in
be a fascinating topic for research, intrins
of the body that it might be thought su
anthropologist has troubled to undertak
Marcel Mauss's that I mentioned at the st
absence of any systematic study I can only
enumeration:
reading standing up (this is the best way of co
reading sitting down, but there are so many
touching the ground; feet higher than
backwards (armchair, settee), elbows prop
reading lying down; lying on the back; lying
on the side, etc.
reading kneeling (children looking through a
Japanese?)
reading squatting (Marcel Mauss, a
my opinion, an interesting posi
childhood. The greatest mistake is
the perception of our own societies,
preserved it').
walking; one thinks especially
air while reading his biography
walking in a foreign town, street
in a gallery with a
the guide; reading
in bed
in the bath
in the lavatory
aloud. The


Surroundings
always been the sort of person who enjoys
have nothing else to do, I read.' Charlie
very roughly, distinguish between two
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and reading accompanied only by itself.
ate to a gentleman who is looking through
nting his turn at the dentist's; the second
leman once he has returned home, at
and is sitting at his table reading the Marq
of an Ambassador in China.
may come times, then, when we read fo
when reading is our one activity of the
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READING: A
The body
Reading may be classified acc
Food. Reading while
unfolding the newspap
Washing. Reading
pleasu
Often,
Most


This image is a little suspect obviously…

over his grid without ever managing to have three together in a straight line.

This discursive deficiency is not due simply to my laziness (or my feebleness at noughts and crosses); it's connected rather with the very thing I have tried to define, if not to take hold of, in the topic I have been set here. As if the interrogation set in train by this 'THINK/CLASSIFY' had called the thinkable and the classifiable into question in a fashion that my 'thinking' could only reflect once it was broken up into little pieces and dispersed, so reverting endlessly to the very fragmentation it claimed to be trying to set in order.

What came to the surface was of the nature of the fuzzy, the uncertain, the fugitive and the unfinished, and in the end I chose deliberately to preserve the hesitant and perplexed character of these shapeless scraps, and to abandon the pretence of organizing them into something that would by rights have had the appearance (and seductiveness) of an article, with a beginning, a middle and an end.

Perhaps this is to answer the question put to me, before it was put. Perhaps it is to avoid putting it so as not to have to answer it. Perhaps it is to use, and abuse, that old rhetorical figure known as the *excuse* whereby, instead of confronting the problem needing to be resolved, one is content to reply to questions by asking other questions, taking refuge each time behind a more or l[illegible]ed incompetence. Perhaps also it is to designate the q[illegible] fact having no answer, that is, to refer thinking to the unthought on which it rests, and the classified to the u[illegible] (the unnameable, the unsayable) which it is so eager

N. Questions

Think/classify

What does the fraction line signify?
What am I being asked precisely? Whether I think before I classify? Whether I classify before I think? How I classify what I think? How I think when I seek to classify?

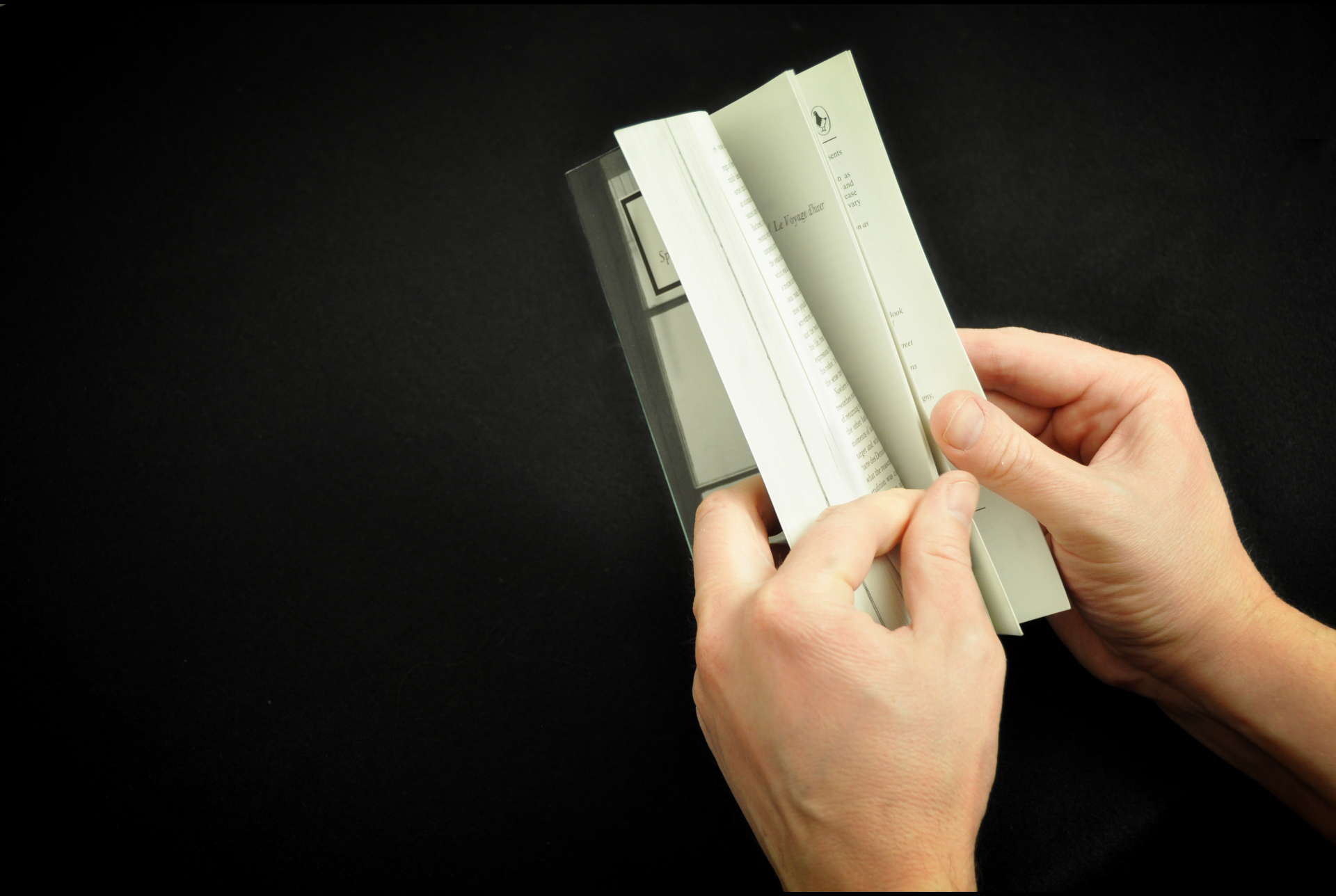
origin of Henryian folds, and the proof by nine,* which was rapidly disseminated among schools of every denomination and earned him the Academic Palms† in 1863. To him we also owe an automatic corkscrew based on guncotton, the sale of which was banned after the blaze in the canteen of the French Legation in Bucharest, a process for making paper at once softer and more resistant which was later taken up by Wolfgang Amadeus Quinquex, a tricycle that could be completely dismantled, of which the postal authorities ordered 4,000, a system for holding up socks which was all the rage up until the beginning of this century, and a treatise in four volumes devoted to the surfacing and upkeep of local roads, for which he received the Prix Cabrisseau. But his most popular inventions, still in common use today, remain the screwdriver, the serving trolley, the rocking-chair, the nutcracker and the twist drill. And it was because he spent the last years of his life, from 1864 to 1868, in the Charenton Asylum, that the expressions 'to have a screw loose', 'to be off his trolley', 'to be off his rocker', 'to be crackers', and 'to be round the twist' have for us the sense they do.

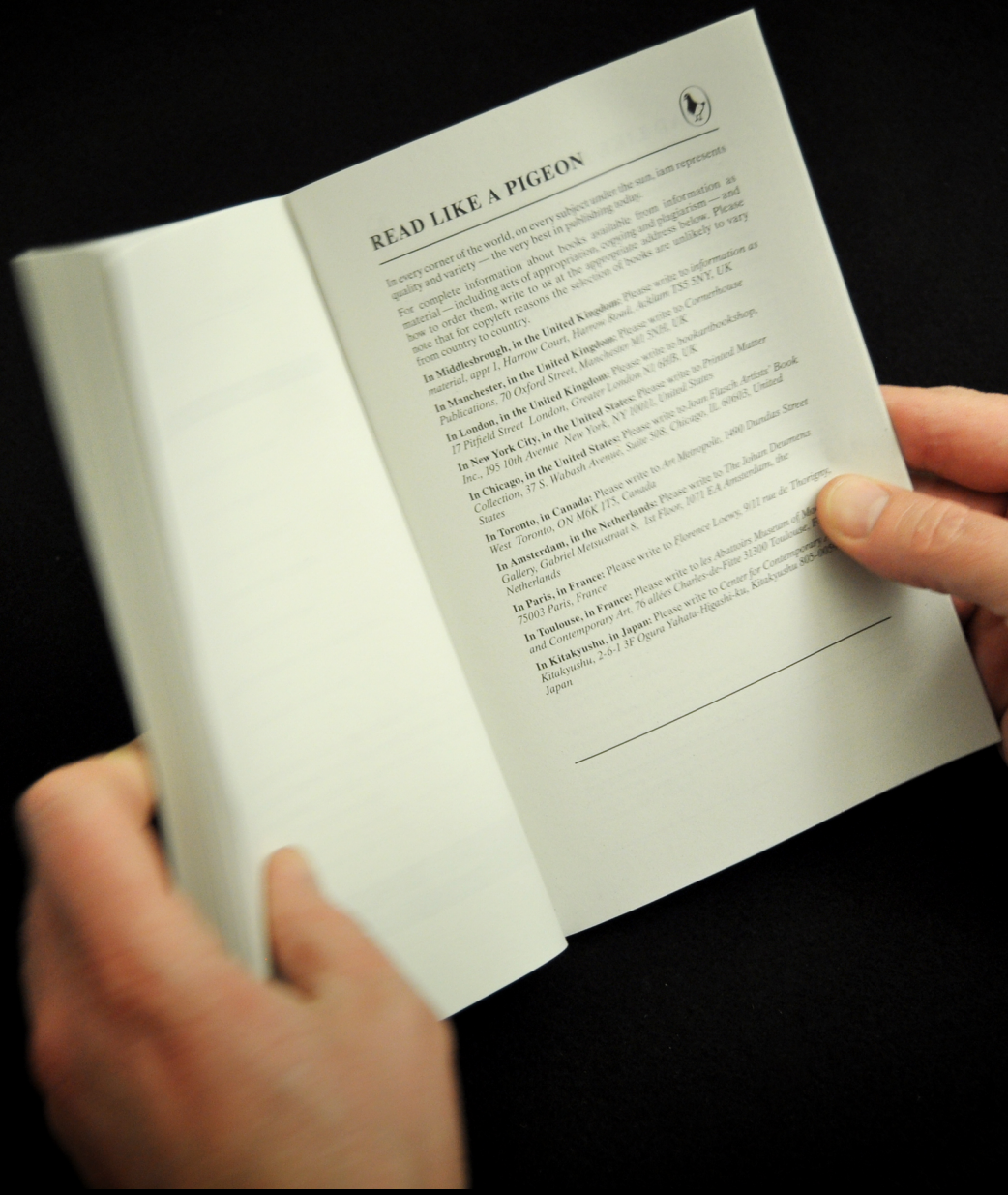
Nowhere in Saint-Sohaint's works have we found any trace of researches concerning a so-called 'boomerang' custard-pie capable of returning to its starting-point once it has missed its target. On the other hand, Saint-Sohaint appears to have devoted his last moments of lucidity to perfecting a pie that would never miss its target and which, for reasons that remain obscure, he called the tarte des Demoiselles'. It was no part of our purpose to ask ourselves ...ons may have been which led Marcel Gotlib, whose ... customarily impeccable and without flaw, not to ... of science, unrecognized it is true but not truly ...ce a street in the 13th arrondissement still bears his ... in any case of interest, we thought, to dwell for a ... this personage, nearly all of whose inventions are ... continue to play a part in our everyday lives.

...ght in French schools of checking multiplications and divisions ... dating back to 1808 and given for meritorious contributions to ... the arts. Holders are entitled to wear a violet ribbon in the

The Winter Journey / Le *Voyage d'hiver* (1993)*

*First published as a gift volume went out in December 1973 to friends and employees by the Hachette publishing company; it was republished in *Hachette Informations* in 1980 and 1982 in *La Magazine littéraire* in 1983.


Le Voyage d'hier



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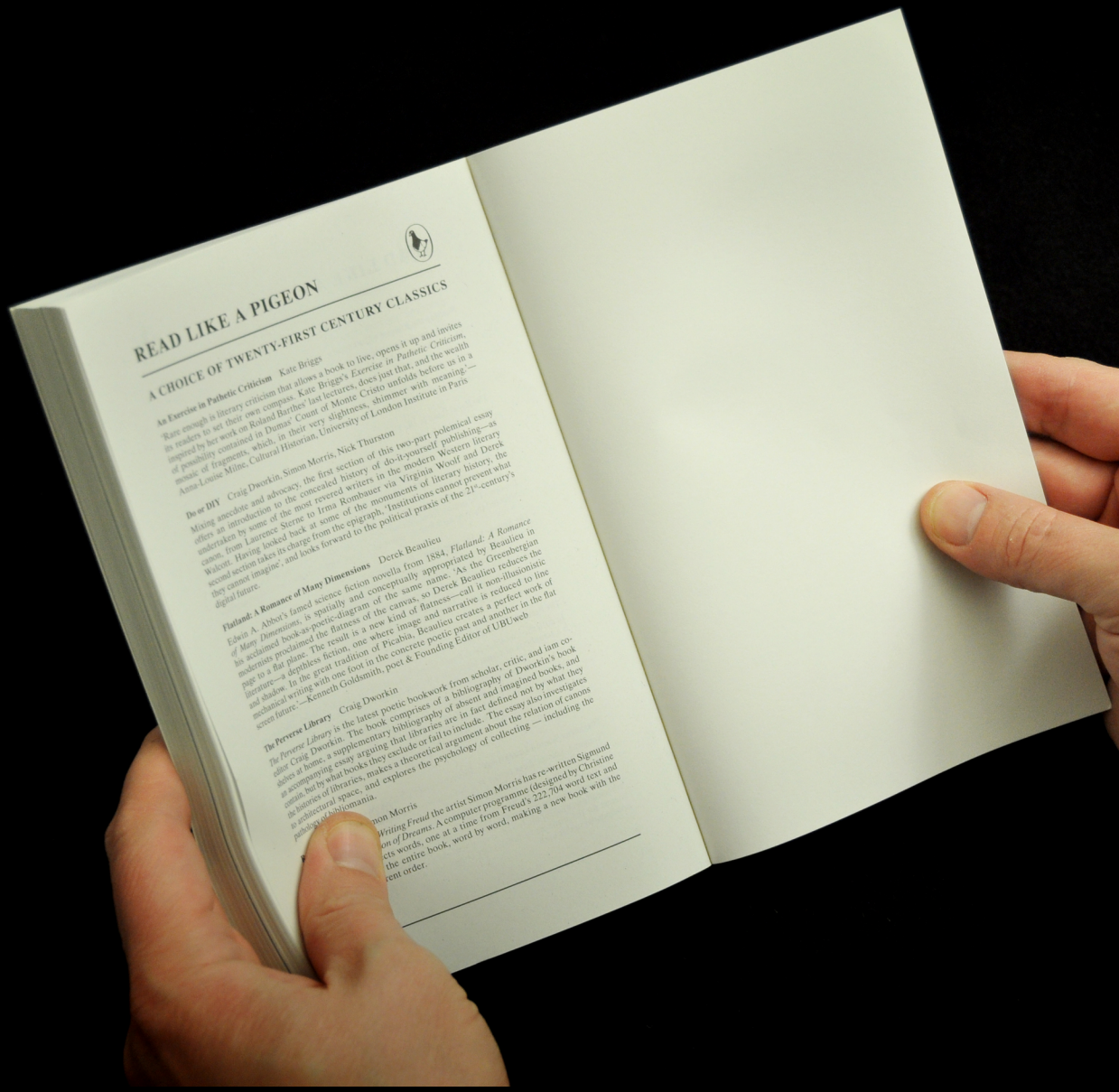
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READ LIKE A PIGEON

A CHOICE OF TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY CLASSICS

An Exercise in Pathetic Criticism Kate Briggs

'Rare enough is literary criticism that allows a book to live, opens it up and invites its readers to set their own compass. Kate Brigg's *Exercise in Pathetic Criticism*, inspired by her work on Roland Barthes' last lectures, does just that, and the wealth of possibility contained in Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo unfolds before us in a mosaic of fragments, which, in their very slightness, shimmer with meaning.'—Anna-Louise Milne, Cultural Historian, University of London Institute in Paris

Do or DIY Craig Dworkin, Simon Morris, Nick Thurston

Mixing anecdote and advocacy, the first section of this two-part polemical essay offers an introduction to the most revered writers in the modern Western literary canon, from Laurence Sterne to Irma Rombauer via Virginia Woolf and Derek Walcott. Having looked back at some of the monuments of literary history, the second section takes its charge from the epigraph, 'Institutions cannot prevent what they cannot imagine', and looks forward to the political praxis of the 21st-century's digital future.

Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions Derek Beaulieu

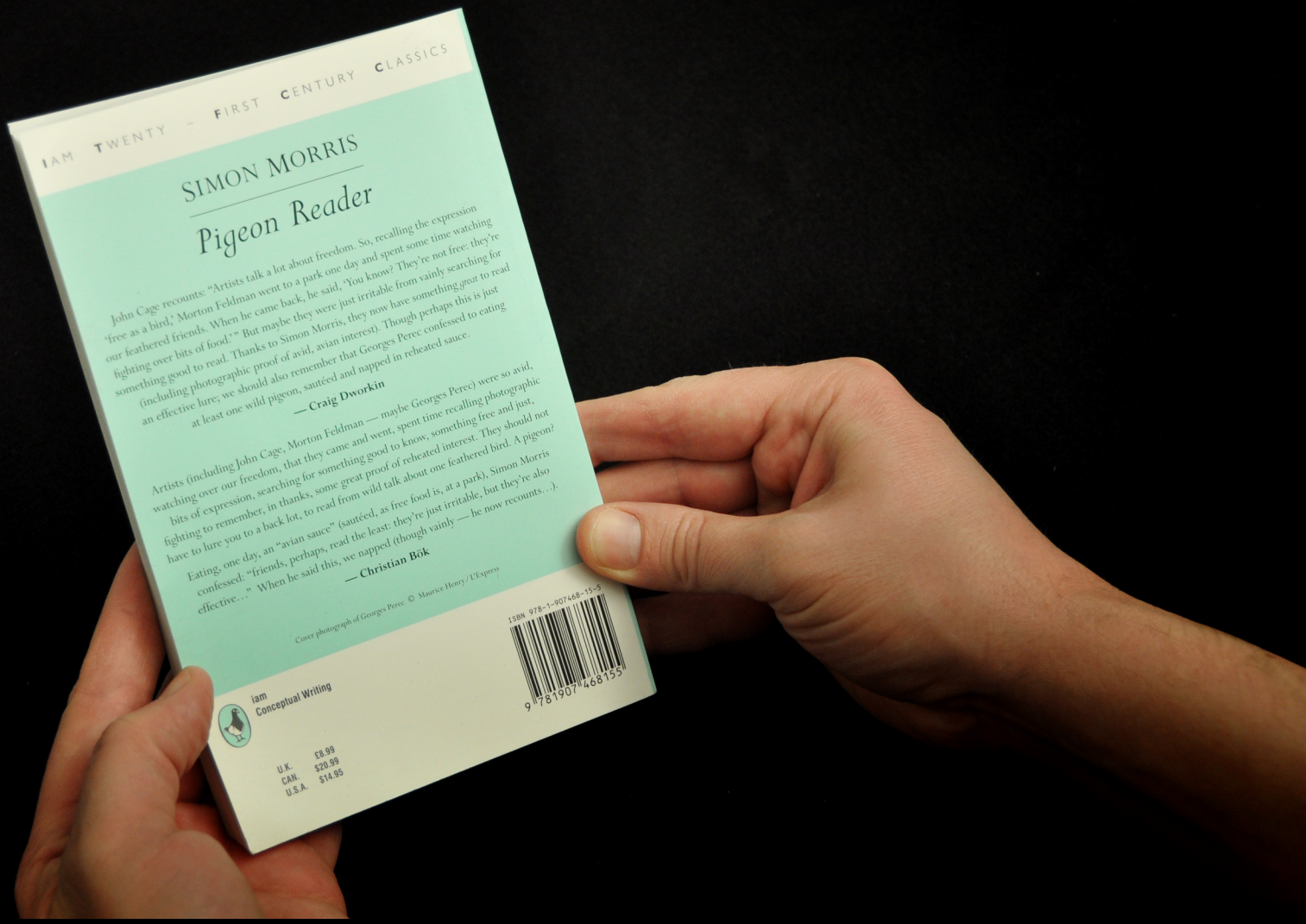
Edwin A. Abbott's famed science fiction novella from 1884, *Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions*, is spatially and conceptually appropriated by Beaulieu in his acclaimed book-as-poetic-diagram of the same name. 'As the Greenbergian modernists proclaimed the flatness of the canvas, so Derek Beaulieu reduces the page to a flat plane. The result is a new kind of flatness—call it non-illusionistic literature—a depthless fiction, one where image and narrative is reduced to line and shadow. In the great tradition of Picabia, Beaulieu creates a perfect work of mechanical-writing with one foot in the concrete poetic past and another in the flat screen future.'—Kenneth Goldsmith, poet & Founding Editor of UBUweb

The Perverse Library Craig Dworkin

The Perverse Library is the latest poetic bookwork from scholar, critic, and ian co-*zine* Craig Dworkin. The book comprises of a bibliography of Dworkin's book tables at home, a supplementary bibliography of absent and imagined books, and an accompanying essay arguing that libraries are in fact defined not by what they contain, but by what books they exclude or fail to include. The essay also investigates the histories of libraries, makes a theoretical argument about the relation of canons to architectural space, and explores the psychology of collecting — including the pathology of bibliomania.

[illegible]mon Morris

[illegible] *Writing Freud* the artist Simon Morris has re-written Sigmund [illegible]*on of Dreams*. A computer programme (designed by Christine [illegible]cts words, one at a time from Freud's 222,704 word text and [illegible] the entire book, word by word, making a new book with the [illegible]rent order.


IAM TWENTY – FIRST CENTURY CLASSICS
SIMON MORRIS
Pigeon Reader
John Cage recounts: "Artists talk a lot about freedom. So, recalling the expression 'free as a bird,' Morton Feldman went to a park one day and spent some time watching our feathered friends. When he came back, he said, 'You know? They're not free: they're fighting over bits of food.'" But maybe they were just irritable from vainly searching for something good to read. Thanks to Simon Morris, they now have something great to read (including photographic proof of avid, avian interest). Though perhaps this is just an effective lure; we should also remember that Georges Perec confessed to eating at least one wild pigeon, sautéed and napped in reheated sauce.
— Craig Dworkin
Artists (including John Cage, Morton Feldman — maybe Georges Perec) were so avid, watching over our freedom, that they came and went, spent time recalling photographic bits of expression, searching for something good to know, something free and just, fighting to remember, in thanks, some great proof of reheated interest. They should not have to lure you to a back lot, to read from wild talk about one feathered bird. A pigeon? Eating, one day, an "avian sauce" (sautéed, as free food is, at a park), Simon Morris confessed: "friends, perhaps, read the least: they're just irritable, but they're also effective…" When he said this, we napped (though vainly — he now recounts…).
— Christian Bök
Cover photograph of Georges Perec © Maurice Henry / L'Express
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GEORGES PEREC

Species of Spaces and Other Pieces

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND TRANSLATED BY JOHN STURROCK

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Georges Perec, author of the highly acclaimed *Life: A User's Manual*, was only forty-six when he died in 1982. Despite a tragic childhood, during which his mother was deported to Auschwitz, Perec produced some of the most entertaining essays of the age. His literary output was deliberately varied in form and style and this generous selection of Perec's non-fictional work, the first to appear in English, demonstrates his characteristic lightness of touch, wry humour and accessibility.

As he contemplates the many ways in which we occupy the space around us, as he depicts the commonplace items with which we are familiar in a startling, engrossing way, as he recounts his psychoanalysis while remaining reticent about his feelings or depicts the Paris of his childhood without a trace of sentimentality, we become aware that we are in the presence of a remarkable, virtuoso writer.

Cover photograph of Georges Perec © Maurice Henry/L'Express

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Pigeon Reader

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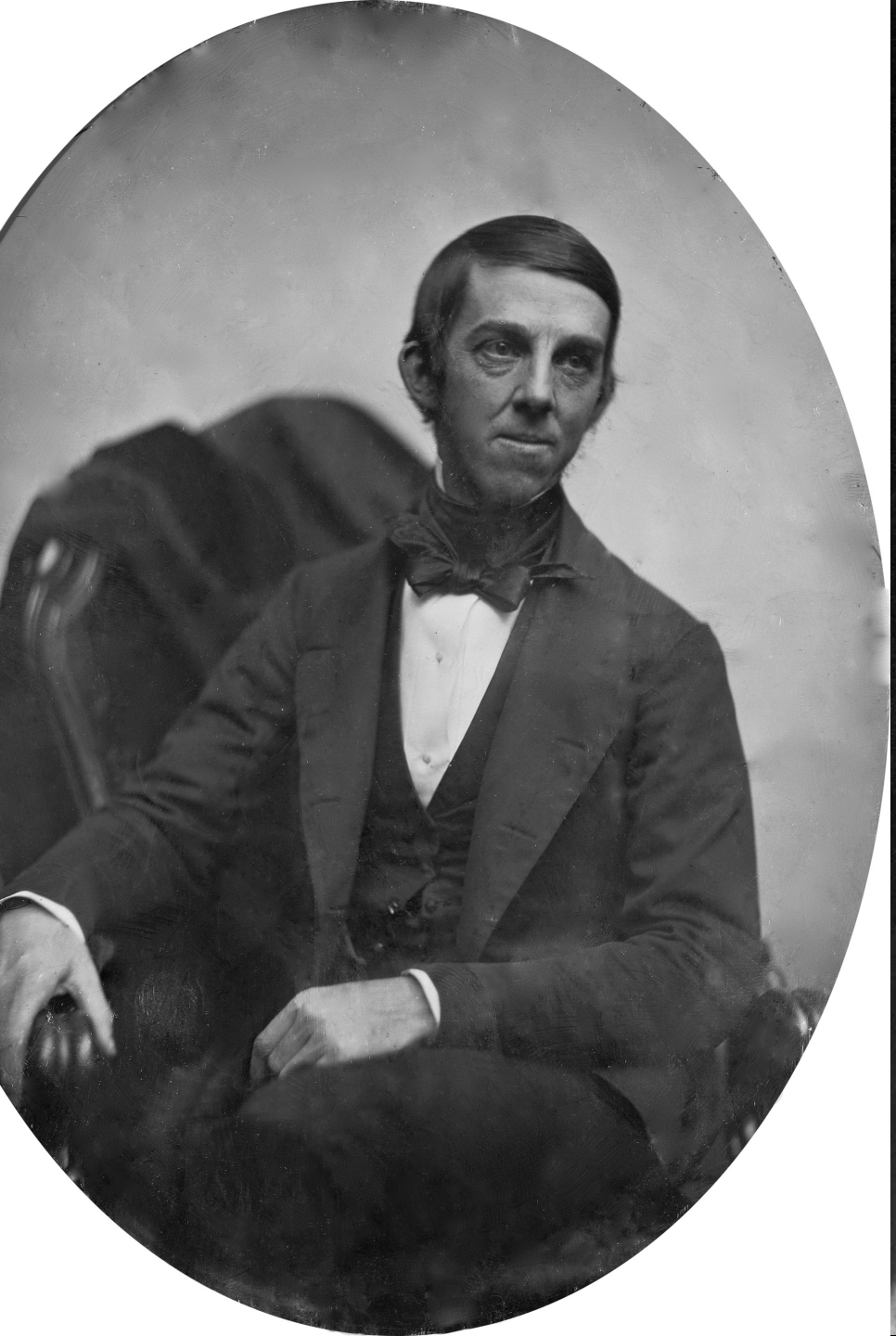
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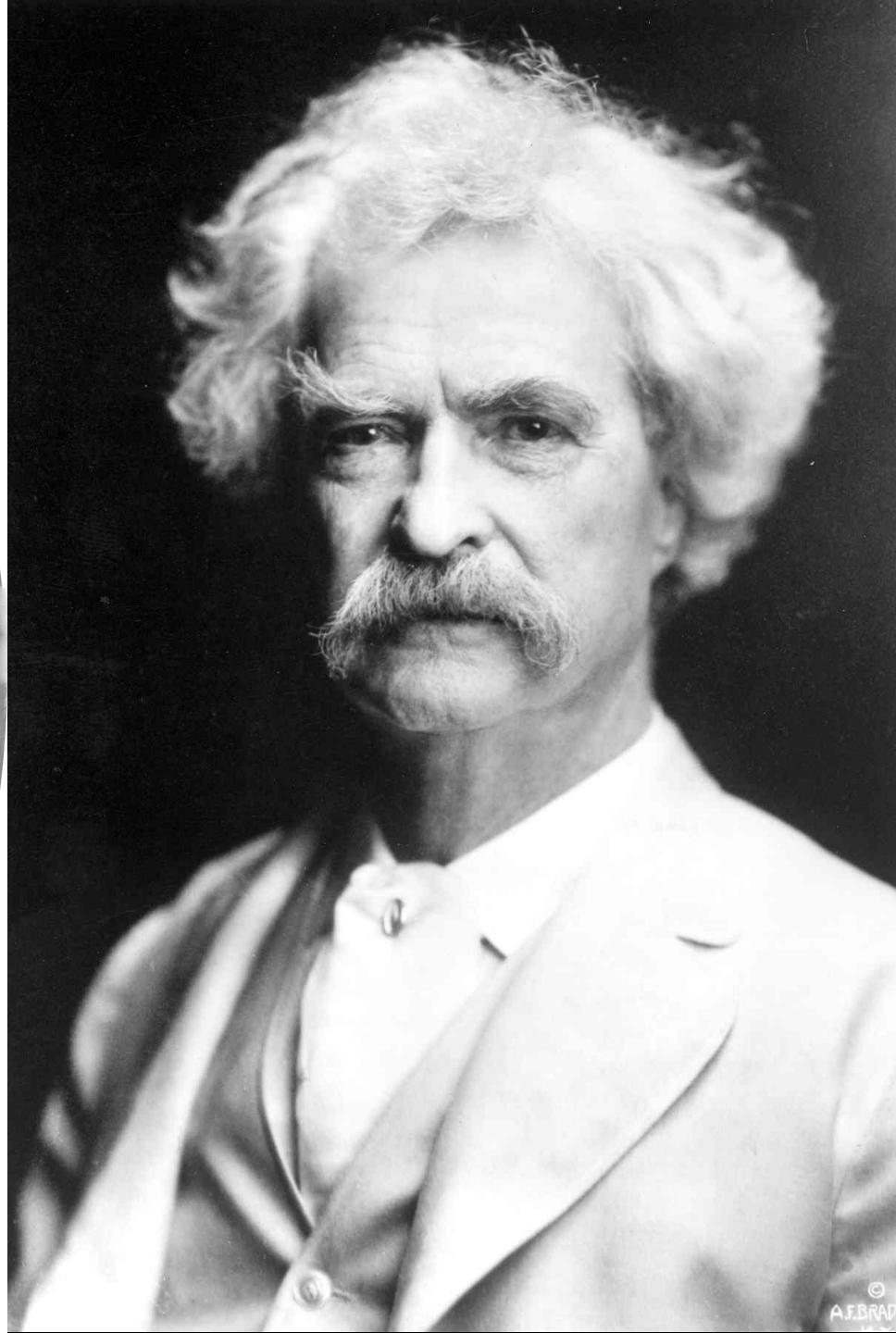
Translated from the English *Pigeon Reader* into French *Lecteur Pigeon*, your title means (±) that the reader has been had (has been conned)

- Professor Anne Moeglin-Delcroix

…and if you are still sitting here, thinking…but, I like to write the old fashioned way:

one word after the other




A.F.BRAD

